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1472.

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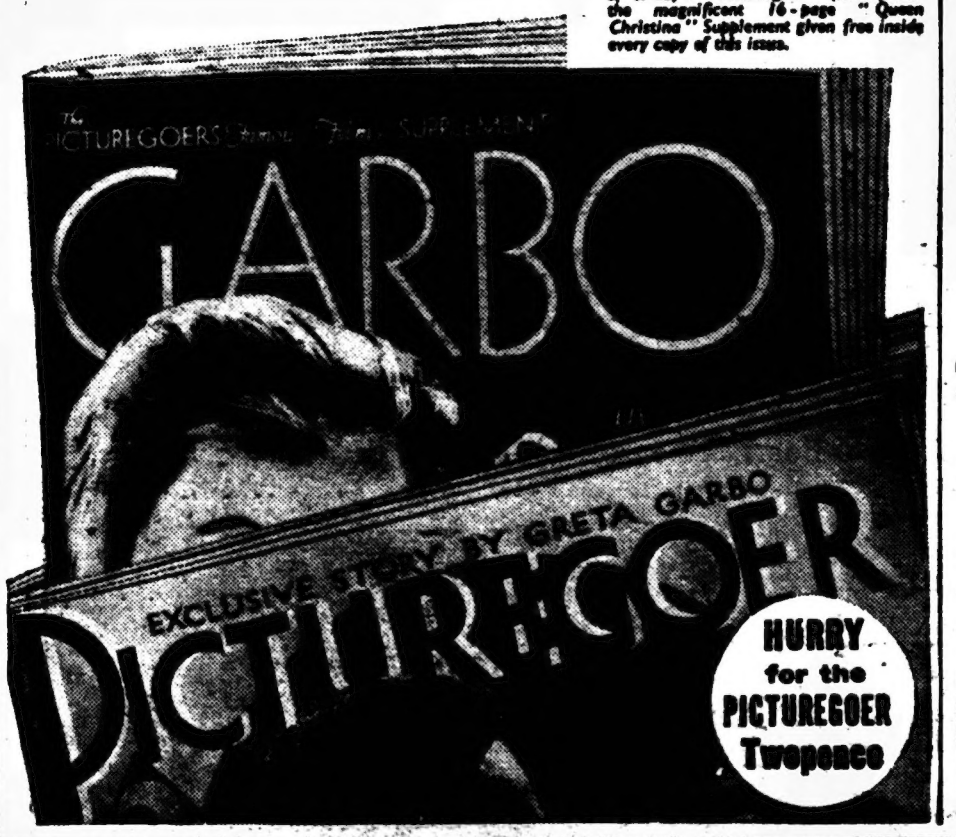

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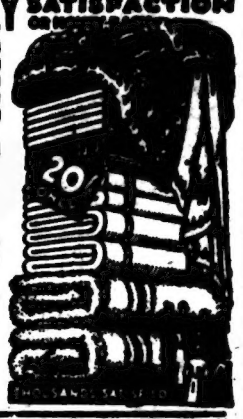

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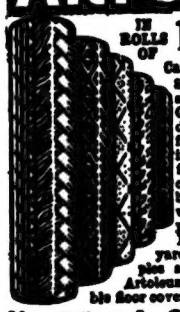

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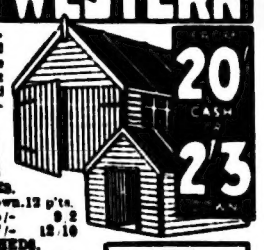

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"John Bull," 1/9/34.

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

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The man the "diddler" machine tricks—does he realise that the chances against his winning £1 for his shilling are a thousand to one?

NEW Gambling CRAZE

THOUSANDS of gambling machines, of the type popularly christened here as "diddler" machines, are being shipped to this country from America.

President Roosevelt, a few weeks ago, banned them completely because of their black record. "Gangster run and gangster owned," they have been denounced as a social menace which has already taken untold toll of the pockets and morals of the country's workers. Thousands of them have been confiscated by American police recently and smashed with sledge hammers.

Now the manufacturers of these machines, after unsuccessful attempts to extend their market over the Canadian border, have turned their attention to this country.

For months past their agents have been surveying the field and, particularly, investigating the chaotic condition of our law regarding gaming machines. What they found has emboldened them to go ahead with schemes to dump the machines here in wholesale quantities.

It is an import which we don't want.

☆ ★ ☆

JOHN BULL has consistently attacked the anomalies, the inequalities and the many stupid tyrannies of our betting and gaming laws. Towards many aspects of them our attitude can be summarised as "too much law" rather than too little, but these automatic gambling machines are another matter.

To begin with, early specimens of the type, such as "Fruit Machines" and "Tote Machines" have been in use in this country for some time in considerable numbers, and there is abundant evidence already of the damage of which they are capable.

Installed in their hundreds in workmen's clubs, institutes and coffee houses, they have given endless work to the police and the Courts. There have been countless cases where workmen have seen their entire week's wages disappear into the maw of these robot lures and have gone home penniless to their wives.

It was pressure brought to bear by women and women's associations which induced Lancashire police recently to ban these machines throughout the whole county. They boldly took this action in spite of the fact that in some parts of the country legal decisions have permitted the promoters of these machine rackets to carry on.

At the West London Police Court a few weeks ago there was one instance out of many which illustrate a more serious side of the problem.

A baker's roundsman, charged with embezzlement, was stated by the police to have previously borne a good character until he began gambling on these machines at a coffee house. After that he got into the toils of a moneylender and ended by committing the offence of which he was convicted.

The magistrate, who denounced the machines, was merely echoing the words of scores of other magistrates up and down the country.

Even children are now being catered for by the promoters of some of these automatic gambling devices. One agent had the coin slots of some of his machines adapted to accept halfpennies and had them installed in sweet shops.

Both at Tower Bridge police court and at Leeds, shopkeepers have been fined for allowing children to gamble in this way.

Thousands of pounds have been spent by the promoters and agents of the American manufacturers in fighting actions in this country and in equipping their machines with various devices to evade the law.

In some parts of the country "fruit machines" are illegal, but others are apparently not. So the promoters merely exchange the fruit symbols on the mechanism for numbers or some other symbols and carry merrily on.

In other places "stops" or brakes are fitted on the revolving wheels which do not affect the main issue for the gambler, but enables the promoters to get Court decisions that their machines are games of skill. The consequence is a dozen different rulings on the legality of the machines, in as many parts of the country.

When the police do secure a conviction, moreover, the penalties given are ridiculously inadequate. They usually consist in binding over the proprietor, or, at the most inflicting a fine ranging from £1 to £5. And in spite of the fact that the Gaming Act lays it down that after conviction the devices used must be confiscated, this is scarcely ever done in the case of these "diddler" machine charges.

The profits made by the promoters are so colossal that they can afford to laugh at these paltry fines and easily maintain a legal "war chest" for fighting court charges.

In this country the machines cost from £30 to £50 each. Those played with sixpences or shillings can be expected to pay for themselves in any well-frequented place, such as a club, within three weeks. Twelve pounds a week profit is almost a minimum amount to expect per machine. Many clubs in the manufacturing towns of the North and Midlands and in London maintain a battery of as many as half a dozen.

The machines work by inserting a coin in the slot and pulling a handle at the side. Three wheels visible through a glass window commence to revolve and one by one come to a stop. Around their edges are painted various symbols. If the wheels stop with certain of these symbols in a line the machine will pay out odds varying from 2 to 1 to 20 to 1. If there is not a paying alignment the machine retains the coin.

The mechanism of these gambling robots is a miracle of misplaced human ingenuity. But it is so designed to ensure that it will always win at an enormous rate. Mathematicians like Professor E. E. Free have worked out that the odds against the player winning 20 shillings for his shilling are 1,000 to 1. There is an 8 to 1 chance against him winning even two shillings, a 250 to 1 chance against him winning twelve shillings for his single stake.

Compared with such odds the chances at roulette, baccarat or similar gambling games with a sinister reputation are positively philanthropic.

☆ ★ ☆

THE law, however, puts down these games which cater chiefly for the well-to-do by punishing keepers of gambling houses with the utmost rigour.

But the promoters of the automatic gambling machine racket, which takes its grossly unfair profit chiefly from the working classes, either go unscathed or receive hardly any punishment on conviction.

The machines now being shipped to this country from factories in Chicago and Detroit have been specially prepared with devices which enabled them to evade the law in America for a long time. President Roosevelt with his dictator's powers, cut clean across all this legal quibbling, and now their owners hope to "get away with it" over here.

Negotiations are proceeding to get them installed on cruising liners during the forthcoming season, and to plant them in large numbers at seaside resorts.

We hope the shipping lines and seaside authorities will turn a deaf ear to these propositions, however profitably they are put.

And we hope the Home Secretary will act at once to stamp out this American-born racket once and for all by clearing up the present chaotic tangle of the law and strengthening the penalties. The police forces throughout the country will provide him with plenty of material on which to act.

What is a "social menace" to President Roosevelt must not be tolerated over here.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Why Children Terrorise their Parents

Menace of the Street-Door Bully

When Heroism is Foolish

WHAT is happening to parents nowadays?

To listen to some of the greybeards you'd think that not a single parent of to-day knew how to bring up a child. If you needed some of our "advanced" welfare experts you'd think that parents were never more capable.

We prefer to ignore both these schools of muddled thinking. Some parents know their job, some don't.

The trouble is that too many people are listening to the "advanced" experts and their nonsense about letting "Youth have its fling" without fear of parental discipline.

Object lesson

We wonder what those experts must think of the seventeen-year-old boy who has been summoned by his mother for assault.

She complains that he grasped her by the throat and picked up a knife, then demanded money from her with similar acts of violence.

And once he is alleged to have said that he wouldn't be happy until he had disfigured her!

Wanted—the rod

The experts would probably declare that the lad needed psychological treatment. We should say that this type of young bully needed an old-fashioned thrashing from an old-fashioned father.

And we fancy that if he had got it after threatening his mother there would have been no need to take him to the police-court for actual assault.

Unfortunately, such cases are far too common. They occur with unfailing regularity, week after week.

Sickening

Another youth twisted his mother's arms, jammed her fingers in the door and shut them in it, threatened her with a hammer and threw his meals about.

He also had to be dragged before the magistrates for them to deal with.

Flooding the courts

Frankly, too many parents are plaguing the courts with troubles that they should settle themselves at home.

Take the case of the Liverpool mother who summoned her pretty daughter of fifteen because she insisted on staying out late and was obstinate.

Consider the Hull father whose nine-year-old son stole his trousers, cut them down, and went off in them to the seaside with the money he found in the pockets—returning to tell his father of the "good time" he had had!

That child, too, was haled off to court instead of the father applying the corrective himself.

Slap in time—

We agree with the Recorder of Hull, Mr. C. Paley Scott, K.C., that if wayward youngsters were given the parental slipper at an earlier stage fewer of them would appear in the courts.

But, as he says, "parents seem to regard it as a wrong thing to chastise their children." Because, let us repeat, too many parents have been deluded by the nonsense poured out by the so-called experts.

A slap in time will save not only nine but all sorts of later trouble. And there's still a mint of truth in the old adage about "sparing the rod."

Happy medium

Our readers know by this time how strongly we condemn parents who treat their children harshly. But we also condemn those who go to the other extreme.

Let us see the end, once and for all, of the dangerous notion that children should not be punished at home. So long as it lasts the courts will be crowded with youthful delinquents—and the rising generation will be encouraged to fulfil the worst predictions of the greybeards!

"A slap in time saves nine" may be old-fashioned—but it's effective

More baby-farming

We are reminded of a very different child problem by the annual report of the N.S.P.C.C., which confirms our exposures of the shocking traffic in babies.

Children are still being bought and sold like cattle, often in circumstances of the most appalling cruelty.

Starved

One married couple who were paid to adopt two children so neglected the younger that it died of starvation. The other was rescued by the Society just in time to save its life.

Another couple, with four children of their own, received £50 to adopt an infant. Not a penny of this sum was spent on the waif's upkeep, and when the Society intervened the family was living in the most abject poverty.

The Fragrant Minute.

TO SOMEBODY'S SON

"I'LL make amends, mother, when I'm free again." Those were your words, son, never once forget. Your mother says them o'er and o'er, balm for her pain. Oh! how much you owe her—pay your debt.

However much you're suffering, she is suffering more. She'd rather bear the punishment and let her son be free. She holds you in her arms, son, as she did of yore; for now she lives, yea, day by day, with naught but memory.

She sees you as a baby, as a sturdy little boy; she remembers all your prattle and the loving hopes she had. You were her life's blood, her all, her only joy. Now she wants to tell you—she's waiting for you, lad.

Though you've hurt her sorely, she loves you just the same. Longs for you hourly, prays through the night. Somebody's Son! though I know not your name, I beg you, for her sake, fight the manly fight. Strengthen your character, discipline your will, and you'll find that your mother trusts you, loves you still.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Shocking case

Still worse was the Yorkshire man and woman who engaged in this adoption "trade." One child died; the next they packed off to an institution; the third, a boy of ten, was cruelly beaten and made a household drudge.

The remedy

We say again that the authorities are largely to blame for these terrible abuses. It should be made compulsory for anyone adopting a child to obtain the sanction of a bench of magistrates, who would demand satisfactory guarantees for its proper care.

At present the Adoption of Children Act is merely optional, used only by genuine lovers of children who have nothing to hide.

Red tape for ever

But we fear our rulers are too busy devising new sorts of official forms and restrictions to bother about such crying evils.

The teachers are complaining that the "milk for schoolchildren" scheme is burdening them with innumerable forms and unnecessary details.

And while we're glad that something is to be done at last to save the fishing industry, we don't see why we should need an elaborate system of licensing for the boats, fishermen, curers, kipperers and salesmen.

Farmers revolt

The revolt of the farmers against the high-handed methods of the Milk Board draws attention to further official absurdities.

We know that some farmers are so conservative that they'd object to any innovation, but we're with them when they attack a scheme that is merely raising the price of food and so lessening the demand. And we're with them in their objections to miles of red tape and forests of artificial restrictions.

If Whitehall would only devote one-half of its energies to making cheap food available to all, there'd be a better time for everyone.

Street-door pests

Hardly a day passes without housewives being bullied by street-door vendors. The women in some suburbs are almost afraid to open the door.

No one wants to prevent honest men from earning a living; the trouble is that many of the so-called hawkers are ruffians of the worst type.

Burglary

Often, when a womans answers the door, they force their way in, take whatever they can lay hands on, and make off. If they knock in vain and find that the occupier is out, they go round the back and break in.

Moreover, many cases of violence have been reported.

We say again that there should be a police round-up of these bullies.

The lookers-on

We're glad that the Edinburgh police have laid at least one of these ruffians by the heels. When a young woman refused to buy his wares he stabbed her in the face and neck.

And four young men, standing near by, made no attempt to go to her help!

The hawker has gone to jail for three months, but we wish the four young cowards could have been taken to court to be publicly shamed.

Heroism or common-sense?

At Aldbrough, though, the coroner has just congratulated two men who refused to go to the rescue of a drowning bather who had ignored their warning about the dangerous current.

If they had gone into the sea, he said, "it would have been suicide."

Well, much as we admire heroism, we must agree that the loss of one life is preferable to the loss of three.

Another death-trap

But there was no excuse for the tragedy at Portnant, North Wales, where a bather saw a wire near the landing-stage, grasped it, and was electrocuted.

Here is another seaside death-trap to add to the many we have attacked.

We hope that in future Authority will keep high-tension wires as far away from the sea as possible.

Aftermath

Our readers will remember the "Love Potion" case of two years ago, when a fortune-teller gathered in the entire fortune of two sisters by her wiles.

Now one of the poor dupes is in trouble with the police over tradesmen's accounts.

We wonder whether these fortune-telling impostors dare to foretell the misery they cause!

The old Army way

We feel a sneaking sympathy for Private George Tomlinson, though his case is not without humour.

Anxious for a life of adventure abroad, young George took the "Join the Army and see the world" poster far too literally. After a year's service all he'd seen of the world was Catterick Camp, where he was dressed in canvas clothing and set to dig gardens; so he absconded.

Foolish, certainly; but his sentence of eighty-four days' detention and loss of service seems too heavy a price to pay for disillusionment.

By order

On a wall in a Manchester house is an official Corporation notice: "Number of persons authorised to be received in this room, five and one child." And it's a room with no water-tap!

If our authorities allow people to be herded like cattle in this way, what on earth do they think is serious overcrowding?

Still at it

We are interested to see that a woman, fined at Scarboro' for begging, said she was collecting for Pastor Hurst's "London Evangelistic Mission."

But she admitted that she had never met Hurst, and was allowed to keep 8s. of every £ she collected.

We have so strongly criticised Hurst and his rubbishy "Mission" in the past that we are glad the magistrates added their quota of censure.

Tough work

And we welcome the timely protests of Jimmy Wilde at the paltry fees paid to veteran pugilists who are engaged as sparring partners by youngsters making big money at the game.

It is revolting that comparatively elderly men should be punched and pounded till their faces are cut and their eyes closed for a few shillings—sometimes less than half a crown.

The veterans can't help themselves. Sometimes they have no other way of scraping a living. But Jimmy Wilde's charges demand prompt investigation by the Board of Boxing Control.

Crazy

The prize stupidity of the week is the suggestion that Sale Council, Cheshire, should put troughs in its roads to reduce traffic speed.

Luckily the Council has had the sense to turn the idea down. Otherwise the result might have been death in the case of cyclists, and bruising for motorists.

The Great Panel Patient Scandal—*continued*

BLACK SHEEP CHEMISTS

—*a stern indictment*

The unscrupulous chemist dispenses muck for medicine—and the panel patient is again victimised

ONE million wrong, inaccurate prescriptions a year in London alone. One million bottles of medicine which are not "what the doctor ordered." One million bottles dispensed to sick and ailing people which may be totally useless or actually harmful. . . .

That is an official figure. At a meeting of the London Health Insurance Committee, its chairman, Mr. H. S. Fowler, gave the meeting that estimate.

They had been testing the prescriptions, he said, which were dispensed by panel chemists in the London districts. Samples were taken from all over the area. *One out of seven were wrong!*

In London over 8,000,000 prescriptions are filled every year. Therefore, the official estimate of one million wrong prescriptions. "That seems to be an appalling figure," said Mr. Fowler.

We think that there are plenty of people who will agree with him, but we can assure all our readers who have been following JOHN BULL'S investigations into the great panel patient scandal that the figure grows even more "appalling" when the situation in the rest of the country is viewed as a whole.

In previous articles JOHN BULL has dealt with those black sheep of the panel, the doctors who betray their patients, their profession, and this greatest of all social schemes, which is providing them with a livelihood which they do not earn. And with other grave abuses of the system, notably the one whereby whole panels and the State's money are in the hands of moneylenders, because of money advanced to impecunious doctors.

To-day we turn our searchlight on the panel chemists. There are black sheep here, too, who fatten well on big profits and bad work, and whose misdeeds are lightly foregone or only mildly punished by a benevolent Ministry of Health.

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IT is an arguable proposition as to who is the worst criminal, the doctor who callously neglects or grossly bungles the treatment of his patients, or the chemist who unscrupulously dispenses "muck" as medicine, or else serves out prescriptions which bear no resemblance to the ingredients ordered.

If anything, the balance is against the bad chemist, because he undoes the work also of the good doctor. The best diagnosis is useless and the best course of treatment in the world is futile unless it is properly carried out. The panel chemist stands between the doctor and the patient's restoration to health. He is the doctor's ally. And too often, we fear, he is untrustworthy, a shifty ally, an enemy to the trustful patient.

A good deal of the truth can be gleaned from the various official reports of the Ministry of Health. Not all of it, because the same conspiracy of silence which shields the "black sheep" doctor applies to the chemist also.

But there is enough behind the drab, official phraseology, the calculated understatement, to be profoundly disquieting.

For instance, the Minister of Health blandly assures us that 95 per cent. of the prescriptions dispensed in the last year of the report were correct, "or nearly so," and that this high standard was being maintained—but you have to look elsewhere in the report to find that there were nearly 60 million panel prescriptions filed that year.

Therefore, that 5 per cent. which could not even scrape into the "nearly correct" category, which were, in fact, grossly inaccurate, represents about three millions!

Furthermore, the Minister is glad to tell us that only 9.1 per cent. of the dressings and appliances supplied to panel patients were deficient in quality and quantity. Is nearly 10 per cent. of "dud" dressings to the country's panel patients anything to be glad about? He complacently comments, further, that this figure represents a steady reduction from the time a few years ago when the amount of bad or deficient dressings, etc., was over 30 per cent.!

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THE same report tells us that 222 chemists were found bad enough to be brought before the local insurance committees to answer for breaches of the regulations. That is an alarming number when it is remembered that most of them have been "found out" by the Ministry's inspectors, who cannot, after all, be everywhere. How many have, so far, escaped?

And how were they punished? The whole lot were fined a total of £295 8s., or an average of about £1 each. Only two chemists were struck off the panel.

The highest fine was £20, inflicted on a panel chemist for "gross irregularities" in connection with the dispensing of insulin, the substance which is the only hope for sufferers from diabetes. Another was fined £10 for permitting dispensing to be carried on "over a long period" by an unqualified person.

Pleasant thought that a prescription which may mean life or death to you may be filled by some Tom, Dick or Harry with no pretensions as to knowledge of the substances with which he is dealing. And a £10 fine is considered ample for that offence!

Other chemists were fined small sums for grossly inaccurate prescriptions. In one case there was a 28 per cent. deficiency in the drug prescribed, in another 68 per cent., and in another the medicine was devoid of the drug.

After all, why not syrup and coloured water? Why give expensive drugs when the patient won't know the difference, and they can be charged for just the same?

When we come to the common drugs and specifics which form the bulk of panel prescriptions we can find some alarming facts in the analysts' reports.

There are some chemists, it is obvious, who are not above buying adulterated rubbish or "dead" barks and roots in bulk and dispensing these useless or harmful substances at the full rate. For instance, the inspectors have found paregoric dispensed without a trace of opium, its vital ingredient; ammoniated quinine without any ammonia; liniment which was merely soft soap; digestive tablets without any digestive properties; aspirins which were three parts chalk.

One chemist was dispensing "dead" ginger, another cod-liver oil emulsion deficient in oil and all the tonic properties prescribed, others Epsom salts containing lead, borax containing arsenic, bicarbonate of soda which was nothing but borax.

In other cases, where there was not a deficiency or adulteration, there was often a harmful excess, as in the instance of a sulphur ointment for skin complaints which contained over 60 per cent. excess sulphur.

There is absolutely no excuse or palliative for this conduct on the part of the chemists concerned, except, perhaps, in the mind of the Minister of Health, who is always ready apparently to be benevolent.

In a recent case a London Insurance Committee satisfied themselves that a chemist, who had been catering for a certain panel patient for seven years, had been supplying less of the material than had been prescribed. The facts, in their view, were bad enough to warrant a penalty of £25. The chemist appealed to the Minister, who refused to endorse the penalty, holding that it was too severe, "having regard to the action taken in respect to breaches of a similar degree of gravity in other areas."

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THAT last remark is significant. It reveals the ultra-paternal gentleness with which Whitehall is viewing all these increasing abuses of the panel system. Meanwhile, the poor patient pays the piper and bears the brunt.

The Minister's only repressive action which we can trace of recent years is also significant. A few months ago he made an order that chemists were not to tout for panel orders, or to make offers of gifts or other consideration for panel business.

It is not sufficient to merely stop such an obvious form of racketeering on the panel. There are these other forms which we have described. An order cannot stop them. And fines, trivial fines, are not enough.

For every flagrant case under any one of these offences, the minimum punishment should be to be disallowed the right to panel business.

There are these black sheep behind the chemist's counter as well as in the surgery. Their consciences are singularly hardy.

We suggest that Sir Hilton Young hits them where it hurts most—in the pocket.

MY 35 JOBS IN 4

I READ this week two bits of news which seemed so strange that I thought it might be interesting if I told my experiences as a contrast to them.

The first one was that a man had worked on the same job with the same firm for 66 years, and the second was that in the industrial parts of the country there are thousands of men about thirty years old who have never done a day's work in their lives because they left school just after the war, and have never had a chance to get work.

I am eighteen and a half. I left school exactly when I became fourteen, and in the four and a half years since then I have been in 35 different jobs.

The longest time I have been in one situation is eight months, and the shortest two hours, but the average works out at one new job every six weeks.

Except once, when I was on the street for four days, I have never had to wait longer than one day to get another job with a weekly wage. I have had so many jobs that I have never had a real day's holiday, but I don't mind that.

The headmaster of the Council school which I attended in Battersea (I happened to be top of the class) advised me when I left that the job I must look for was one in which I could learn a trade, and so be something better than an ordinary labourer when I grew up.

I haven't found one of that kind yet, but it isn't for want of trying. Nobody seems to want boys to teach them a trade these days. There are too many skilled men out of work for a youngster to get an opening.

"A problem"

The worst of it is time goes so fast. Now that I'm eighteen and a half, I suppose I will be told next that I am too old to begin learning a trade so that I can be a trained journeyman when I am a man.

That is what all boys of my age are told in these times. As soon as we leave school we begin searching hard for jobs which hold out something for the future. They are not to be got, and then we find we have become too old.

"It's a problem," we hear our elders say But no one seems to make any move to solve it.

I don't say I haven't had a chance of a kind, and I will tell honestly how I lost it when I am describing the 35 jobs I have been in.

The great thing I have to be thankful for is that I have been able to provide for myself ever since I left school, and have never had to go on the "dole." This is how it has happened.

Most boys at Council schools, who don't want to be clerks, have the idea nowadays that the best work to look for when they leave is in printing offices, with newspaper offices for choice.

The general impression is that printers and publishers are fair employers, and that the wages are good and the jobs fairly safe.

Like all the other boys who left school with me, I was most ambitious, therefore, to get into "the print," as we call this kind of work.

I start

On the day I left school I began work as errand-boy to a newsagent at 3s. 6d. a week, and was able a few days later to get another job, collecting and delivering parcels for a laundry, at 4s. a week.

It was possible to combine both jobs, but the hours were so long that I could not find time to begin visiting the printing offices.

After two weeks I gave up the double job, but not before I had found another one in a blacking factory, where I was paid 12s. 6d. per week.

This factory was filled with boys, and I soon found that, like others I entered later, it was one of those businesses which have been developed in the bad times by the use of juvenile labour.

The boys are driven like slaves to do men's work, but it is a complete dead-end. If you stick it for a year or two you are turned out when better wages become due, because, as they constantly keep reminding you, there are always hundreds of other boys at the gates willing to take your job.

I remained there for two months, because the job gave me enough spare time to hunt round the big printing works. Employment there may be very good, but it's very tough to get. I met scores of lads at every place waiting for the opportunity I wanted.

At last I got in with a first-class firm which printed periodicals. The wages were the same as I had at the blacking factory, and I only had to sweep the warehouse floors and be a cyclist-messenger.

I loved the roar of the printing-presses, and longed for the day when I might be allowed to join the team of blue-shirted men who controlled them. That day was never to come.

I had been reprimanded two or three times by the overseer for "larking" with the men. One day, after I had been there eight months, I was caught in the act romping with some old hands when I should have been busy, and I was sacked on the spot. I have never been able to get into "the print" again.

I had been so contented that I had not kept my eyes open for another possible job to step into. So now I had to pay my first visit to an employment exchange. But I was fixed up in a few hours.

They asked at the exchange to see my last school report. I had got to the top of the class in my last year because I was better than the other boys in English composition, essay-writing, taking down from dictation, and that kind of thing.

Yet it was stated in the report that I was very good at woodwork, although I was nothing of the kind. The only woodwork I had done at school was to saw a couple of logs, and that was not done too well.

On the strength of this recommendation, the employment exchange sent me to a carpenter who engaged me at 10s. per week. I lasted in that job six days. I knew I had been no good, but I asked to be given a chance to learn.

The boss said he knew I had been sent to him by mistake, but as he could get plenty of handy, experienced people for the wages, there was no room for learners.

I have since been told that ever so often.

No prospects

Next day I was in the operating box of a cinema, winding and unwinding reels of film from one projector to another. A big part of the business of the cinema was children's matinées, and I dreaded what might happen if fire broke out when the place was full of kiddies because there was only another lad and myself in the projection chamber.

The hours were very long—twelve hours for six days and work on Sunday. At the end of the first week, when I drew my wages envelope with 15s., I decided to quit the entertainment business.

It was then exactly a year since I had left school. I had been in five jobs so far without a day of unemployment.

Within 24 hours I got a job at 14s. 2d. a week in a factory making wireless parts. I was out of it in three days by my own will. I was told that, because I was fifteen and a half, I could not expect more than six months' work, as all boys were automatically dismissed at sixteen, when insurance became payable for them I know from my talks with other lads that this happens in hundreds of workplaces.

On the third day I asked the question straight at the manager if there would be any hope of staying on after I was sixteen if I behaved and worked very hard. He just shook his head and said they only wanted boys who were not insurable.

I think that kind of thing is a shame, and I am not sorry that I put on my coat and walked out.

People say I have been foolish when I have thrown in my hand like that, as I have done a good number of times. "Work's work these days," they say. "You must be mad."

Well, I was walking home wondering how I would explain to mother that I had left a job without having first found another one, when, for no particular reason, I paused to look into a butcher's shop window. "Here," I said to myself, "I'll be a butcher!"

Trapped

I went into the shop and was told I could start next morning at £1 per week as messenger and general help. For two years after that I had 17 different jobs with butchers. Some of them, I should explain, were only temporary for a week or so. When I saw that more permanent work was not available, I made it a practice to find out from other butchers' boys when they were going on holidays and went in good time to their employers to fix myself up as the "relief" when they were away.

I was with the first butcher for nearly four months and was getting on so well that I was then allowed to assist at a kind of auction on Saturday night when the unsold meat was offered to the highest bidders.

On the first night I offered a small leg of mutton to a stout man standing in front of the crowd and he bid two shillings and got it. Beside him was a gentleman with horn-rimmed glasses who put his hand on my shoulder and said it was an offence to sell meat without weighing it or telling the buyer the weight.

The stout man and "horn rims" were the food and weights inspectors. They had set a trap for my employer by playing on my ignorance. The guv'nor was summoned and fined £10, and I had, of course, to find another job.

I found one without much trouble on Monday morning, but it was in a part of London which I did not know well and I needed time to find my way to the customers' addresses. In a week or two I would have been well acquainted with the district, but employers to-day are im-

If they went out to seek work, could these young men, who are "signing on" at the employment exchange, hope to meet the same success as is described in this personal narrative?

YEARS!

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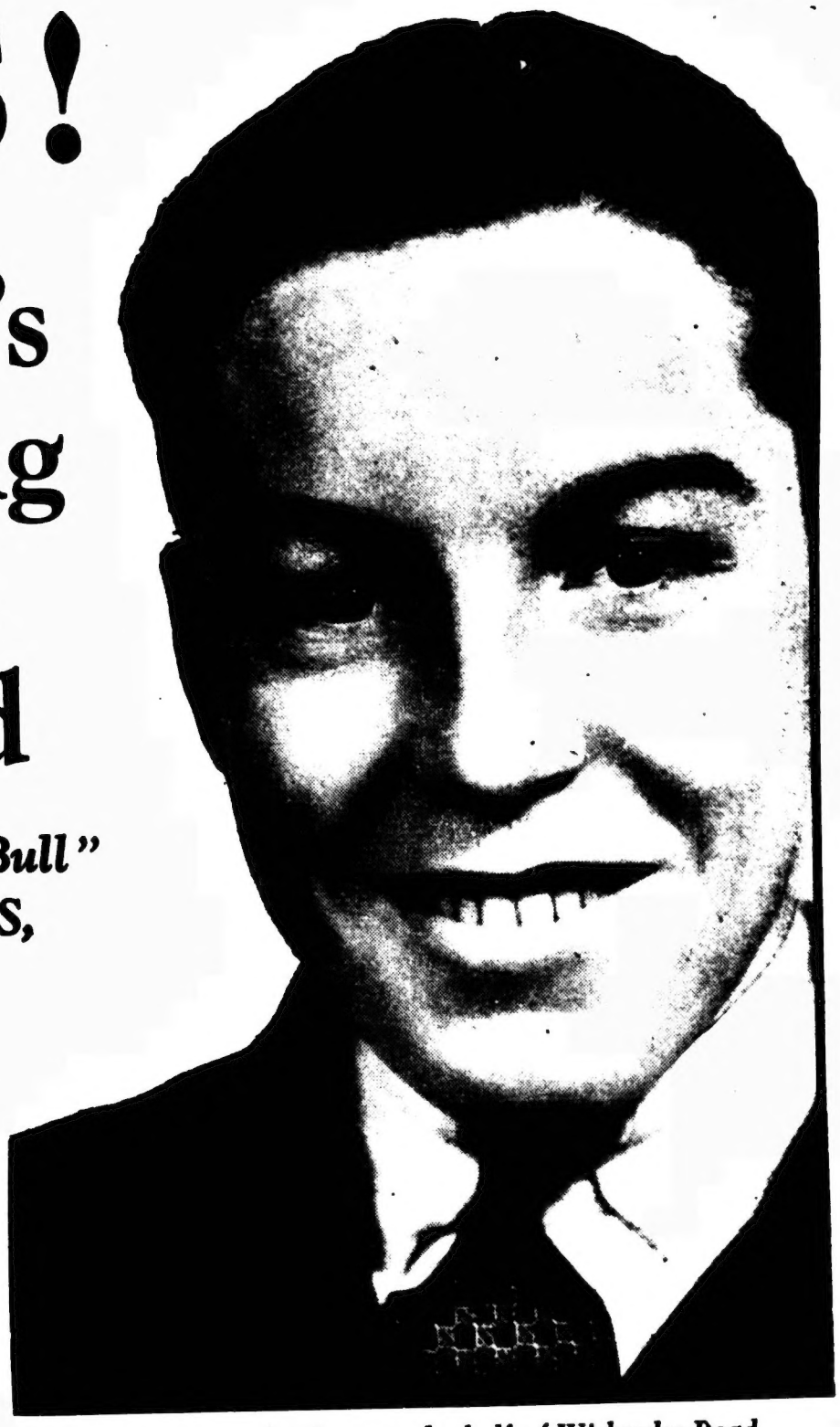
A Boy's Amazing Work Record

as told to "John Bull"
by JACK CAINS,
aged 18½



Jack Cains, aged eighteen-and-a-half, of Wickersley Road, Battersea, London, who relates this remarkable record which "John Bull" has verified. "I always ask for a job with a smile," Jack says.

I went to the employment exchange and was brought before a Court of Referees. My heart sank when I was told that I could not get any benefit for six weeks because my last employer had reported that I left my situation without "adequate reason."

I said this was untrue and that I had been dismissed because I had influenza and the truth would be discovered if enquiries were made.

"We must accept the employer's word," the chairman said.

This was very unfair and shook my faith in the employment exchange system. Since then I have several times had to apply at the exchange for work and have always found that the vacancies notified there never seem to come from first-class employers. They send boys to very queer places, and the worst of it is that the jobs are shown at the exchange at so much an hour or week, but when you go after them the wages offered are always much less.

The Court of Referees ordered me to attend a 'dole school." I did so for one day only. All we did was to play cricket and net-ball and listen to a lecture on wireless valves. That kind of thing was clearly of no use to a lad of seventeen searching for a job with prospects.

Spilt puffs

Next day I found work with another butcher—my seventeenth and last. I was with him three months, but was dissatisfied because after the long day in the shop I had to dig the garden of his house almost every night without any extra payment.

His wife was my boss in the garden, and in the end he told me that I had better go because I "got on her nerves."

I was out at dawn next morning, and before breakfast-time had got a job to wash the floors and carry in a fancy cakes bakehouse.

On the last day of my first week there I had to go down an outside iron stairs with a tray of cakes on my head. It was raining and I slipped and fell. Dozens of cream puffs were scattered in the mud of the yard. I offered to pay for them from my wages, but the baker was very angry and told me to clear out at once.

Off and on, but with never more than a day between, I was next with a sausage factory, a cooked meat shop, and a process engraver, but none held out any hope of permanent employment or training in a trade.

For three months I was with a factory compressing waste-paper into bales by stamping it with my feet. This factory had only women overseers. I do not mind being cursed by a foreman, but I could not endure these women. They nagged and nagged all day, and there was always a procession of boys coming and leaving.

A year ago I began to realise that a lad to-day must be very lucky if he can find a job in which he will be trained to become a skilled workman. I saw there was only one thing to do—to decide on a trade and learn it bit by bit here and there.

That is what I am doing now. I have chosen metal work in connection with coach-building.

In one year I have been with seven firms, picking up something different with each one—metal beating, bronzing, welding and so on.

I missed my great opportunity a few months ago. At one works I had done splendidly for eight weeks at 30s. per week, and it seemed that there, at least, I would have an opportunity to get on.

Then one of the workmen took me aside and told me that I was so capable and such a hard worker that I would earn much more money if I went to a certain piece-rate works. I called there and got a job, but the work was tremendously hard and the wages on piece-rates proved to be much less.

What a fool I found I had been! The man who advised me to change had only been flattering and deceiving me. His son went into the comfortable job which I was persuaded to leave.

Last Saturday I had a new experience. Before then I had left or been dismissed from my situations. This time I was suspended because trade had fallen off.

I cannot afford to wait and don't want to draw the "dole" until things get better in a particular works. So on Monday morning I started in my thirty-fifth job.

Search for it!

At the employment exchanges I see hundreds of boys and young men who say there are no jobs for them. Most of them are waiting for jobs to be handed out to them. They will wait a very long time. There is nothing exceptional about me, but I have never failed to find a job when I went out after one; I always ask for it with a smile.

The work is really there. It's true it is often just work of a kind, but it is always something to be going on with until the real thing turns up. It hasn't come my way yet, but I mean to find it.

YOUL'L Keep *the* GAME CLEAN!

Hanner Swaffer's
Open Letter to Mr. George ALLISON
the New Manager of The Arsenal Football Club

DEAR GEORGE,—You will be surprised to hear from me.

Newspaper men don't write to each other. They get so sick writing about everything but themselves that their own personal relationships are invariably neglected in correspondence. Besides, for years we have said all we had to say when we met—"Hullo, Swaff." "Hullo, George."

But now you have ceased to be a newspaper man. You are the proud manager of the Arsenal Football Club, successor to Herbert Chapman who, I suppose, more than any other man who ever lived, put a football club really on the map. He was a great showman. He knew how to run the Press, and he knew how to manage men.

You have a big job in following him. You must really like football, for I believe the acceptance of your new job means a considerable loss of income.

Well, you have the makings of a showman in you. You certainly know how to manage newspaper men for, until the last few weeks, you were one yourself. As for your management of men, I do not remember, during our thirty years of friendship, one occasion when you got in wrong.

* * *

Well, George, you are one of the reporters who has emerged. Edgar Wallace did it. So did Philip Gibbs. So did William Goode who, sent out by Great Britain to rearrange Austria's finances, earned a knighthood. So did Hall Caine There have been others. But most of us stick to the game.

You know, George, the trouble about we newspaper men is that, although we know each other very well, we know very little about each other when, challenged by the need for writing an article, we have to put it down in words.

I remember that you came from Darlington. I seem to remember that you worked for Sir Edward Hulton when first you came to London. I know that, because you once got, for the "New York Herald," an important interview nobody else could get, you joined their London staff. Even then I forget what the interview was. It went in the paper and was forgotten in a day.

And I know that, for years now, you have been in charge of one of the news departments of William Randolph Hearst's London office. A man who can work for Hearst in London and still be popular is some guy.

But, after that—well, what do we newspaper men do that lasts for more than a day or two? We ourselves forget it, a week afterwards.

Still, all Fleet Street pays tribute to your good nature. It has for long recognised your calm belief in yourself.

I remember, before the war, some American millionaire wanted you to manage his racing stable!

We laughed.

"What does George know about horses?" we said.

But you would have done it. Unfortunately, the millionaire died. So it came to nothing.

Still, after all, Tom Walls won the Derby He was only an actor. Why shouldn't you have won it? Reporters usually have more brains than actors.

Then, I believe, you started writing the Arsenal's football sheet. Then you became a director. Then, when they wanted another Chapman, they chose you; or did you choose yourself? Well, George, we have all heard you on the wireless. Hundreds of thousands who do not know you personally know the sound of your voice. They know it is a cheery one All of these listeners-in—I include myself among the number—will wish you, in your new job, every success.

People say, of the Arsenal Football Club, that it triumphs merely with money, that it was because it can afford to buy, for thousands of pounds, footballers no one else can afford, that it is because of the big gates it can draw from the vast population around its grounds that it is rich and prosperous. But there is more in it than that. . . .

Not many years ago, professional football was a game almost confined to the North of England and the Midlands. We rather sneered at it, down South. Then, when Tottenham Hotspur won the Cup, the South started a football boom—and the club of which you have now taken charge did more to boom the game in the South than anything or anybody.

The footballers will like you, George. We all do in Fleet Street, and we are more critical than footballers. You have a way of imposing your own will without being objectionable about it. You look competent. You are nicely covered with flesh. It gives you a look of importance

They can say what they like about professional football, but, anyway, it admits that it *is* professional. It does not go in for sham-amateurism. It admits quite frankly that a labourer is worthy of his hire.

It has never disgraced sport by such terrible happenings as those which made the Test Matches something which actually imperilled Anglo-Australian relations Not even the Football Association is as mysterious as the M.C.C.

Well, George, we shall see less of you, I suppose, in Fleet Street, now, than we used to do Your tact must now be employed in other directions.

* * *

I hope you will adopt Herbert Chapman's method of explaining to the Arsenal team on a blackboard what they are supposed to do. I should like to come up and see you giving them a lecture on the W combination. Even if you did not know much about it, we should all believe in you.

Football may be a big business, but it is also a great game. It takes into the lives of millions an interest of which they never tire. They live, many of them, in sordid streets, in towns which I consider an infamy in the sight of God. Their occupations are monotonous. All their surroundings are drab. Yet, mention football, and their eyes brighten up. For an hour and a half on Saturday they have a weekly thrill. That is why, although I do not take much interest in the game, I am on its side.

You, I know, George, will do your best to keep the game clean. You are straight yourself. You always have been. Nothing could alter you, now.

Well, when you give your wireless talks on football, as you will do, they say, let us know how you are getting on. Not that we shall want to be told, because, if the Arsenal win, we shall know you are doing very nicely. But, be careful, George. If they should be at the bottom of the League this year, Heaven help you.

Well, you can always come back to Fleet Street.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,
Acting Prime Minister

DEAR NEVILLE,—Somerset House has granted higher pay to nearly 10,000 of its staff. In industry, too, wages have gone up by £17,000 a week during the last month.

So more money will be spent over shop counters; the factories will take on more men to deal with the orders. Which means that still more will be paid out in extra wages, thus giving another fillip to national prosperity, and less will be drawn from the unemployment insurance fund.

If only you'd advocate a higher wages policy generally, you would earn the hearty thanks of us all.

JOHN BULL.

The GOVERNORS,
Woking Hospital

GENTLEMEN,—You have refused to accept any of the proceeds of a hospital air pageant because it was held on a Sunday. Last year, when it took place on a week-day, it brought £50 to your funds.

Why not maintain your attitude to its logical conclusion?

Forbid your doctors and nurses to work on Sundays and let the patients go hang. JOHN BULL.

Councillor E. G. EDDY,
Hartlebury, Worcs.

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—You reminded a British Legion meeting that the cost of the last War would have provided five acres of land and £800 for every family in the eight principal countries of the world, and hundreds of millions of pounds for hospitals and libraries in addition.

Those figures have been given before, but I hope they will be repeated again and again—until every man and woman remembers them. JOHN BULL.

Dr. JANE HAWTHORNE,
New Health Society

DEAR DOCTOR,—Defending the untruthful child as imaginative, you told how one who lied badly to his mother has since become a brilliant lawyer.

I've often wondered how some of them started. JOHN BULL.

Monsignor O'BRIEN,
Bootle

DEAR FATHER,—"I often wonder what I should do in such circumstances," you said of an unemployed man who admitted trying to defraud you. And so he was discharged for you to seek work for him.

May he justify your fine Christian faith in him. I know that is the only reward you want. JOHN BULL.

THE TOWN COUNCIL,
Congleton

GENTLEMEN,—Last week I told of towns without adequate fire-fighting facilities; must I add Congleton to the list?

You have been told how the brigade was impeded at a shop fire by failure of the water hydrants, there were fears for the safety of the great silk mills, while the shop-keeper has been ruined.

Your surveyor stated that there was no regular inspection of the hydrants, said there was no need for panic. Not for panic, perhaps, but certainly for alarm! JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. R. PARKINGTON,
Ipswich

DEAR SIR,—I am delighted to see that the approach to Flatford Mill, made famous by Constable's great art, has been saved from the speculative builder owing to your generosity.

There will be no hideous bungalows in those rich and peaceful fields; one of the loveliest districts in Suffolk will remain unspoiled.

Allow me to express the gratitude of all who care for Britain's countryside. JOHN BULL.

Mr. S. C. V. ADDINSELL,
Deputy Stipendiary, Liverpool

DEAR SIR,—I feel just as indignant as you when a man is driven to steal because of his starvation wages.

But I dislike your observation to the prosecutor in one of these cases: "As far as you are concerned, I regret he didn't take a great deal more of your money than he has."

Magistrates would soon complain of overwork if every badly-paid employee felt that your remark gave him license to remedy his grievance by helping himself. JOHN BULL.

Sir GERALD BELLHOUSE,
Poisons Board, Home Office

DEAR SIR GERALD,—If your draft regulations are adopted it will be still easier to "buy death" over the shop counter. The dangerous barbituric compounds will be obtainable from chemists without a doctor's prescription!

Yet the Home Office expert, Sir William Wilcox, has strongly condemned this policy, and I have told time and again of the number of deaths these drugs have caused.

You'd better change your mind unless you want more needless tragedies.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. LESLIE R. KING,
Holy Trinity Church, Newcastle

DEAR VICAR,—You invite criticism of your sermons from your new parishioners and propose to submit them to the test of debate.

That will sound like heresy to many churchgoers, but you will please more than you offend, and if other parsons had your courage we should have more sermons really worth criticising.

I predict for you and your flock a happy and intellectual companionship.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE RESTON,
Liverpool

SWANKER,—People ran from their houses in alarm when you flew your aeroplane only twenty-five feet high, and banked steeply to "show off" to your parents.

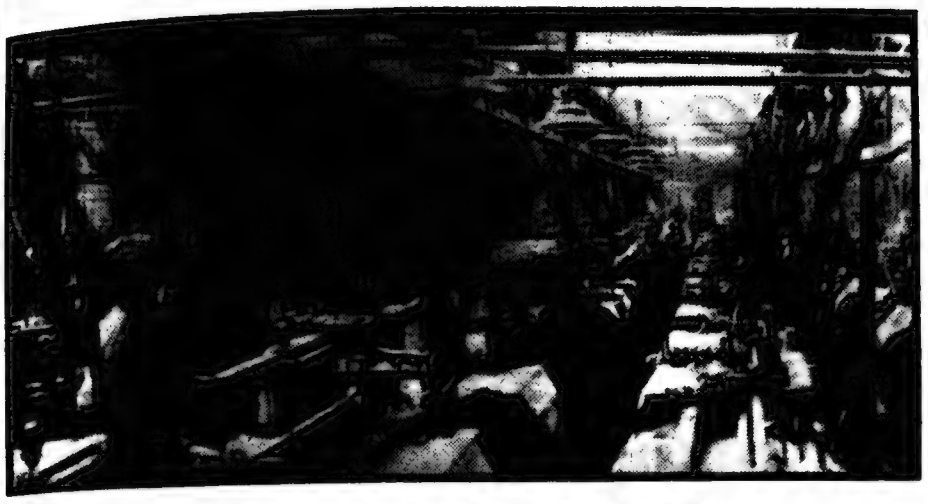
Well, I should have fined you more than £2 if only because of your excuse: "I was unaware of the regulations."

Give up lying till you have learnt them, and give up "showing off" for good. JOHN BULL.

LANCASHIRE'S BOYCOTT Threat

by

A. G. GARDINER



Lancashire has given Australia something to think about—

"A WORD and a blow—an' t' blow fost" is a saying in Lancashire. It is supposed to describe Lancashire methods of argument. But it cannot be said that Lancashire has struck "t' blow fost" in the row that has sprung up with Australia.

Nor can it be said that the blow is below the belt. It is the natural, instinctive reply of the plain man to an unprovoked attack. If you boycott our goods, says Lancashire in effect, we are going to boycott your goods. We won't buy your butter, or your cheese, or your dried fruits, or your wines.

The movement began with the grocers of Bolton, and it is spreading to other towns in the North, and Mr. Bruce, the Australian High Commissioner in London, will do well to remind his Government that "what Lancashire thinks to-day England thinks to-morrow."

If there is to be an economic war, Lancashire will not be left to fight it alone. England as a whole has as much at stake in the matter as Lancashire.

And I don't think Mr. Bruce needs to be reminded that Australia has even more at stake than we have. This country is not merely the best market that Australia has for its commodities. It is for the bulk of things almost its only market.

We take 90 per cent. of its export of butter, 96 per cent. of its frozen mutton and lamb, 95 per cent. of its cheese, 80 per cent. of its frozen beef, a third of its wool and a third of its wheat. Add to all this our consumption of its wines, its dried fruits, and so on, and it is apparent that without our custom the Australian farmer would be beggared.

A square deal!

In return, we are entitled to expect a square deal for our manufactures in the Australian market. We cannot, of course, expect to sell as much as we buy. In a normal year our imports from Australia are three times more in value than our exports to Australia. The figures in 1931, for example, were: British imports from Australia, £45,630,000; British exports to Australia, £15,000,000.

But while we cannot hope to balance our trade with Australia, we are entitled to have the same privileges in her market for our manufactures as she has in our market for her agricultural produce. But consider what is happening.

The Australian Government is proposing to raise the tariff on certain cotton goods from Lancashire from 5 per cent. to 100 per cent., and even more! These goods are not made in Australia at present, and can only be made there behind a tariff wall so high that the competition of Lancashire will be practically prohibited.

The aim is to create a wholly artificial industry which will knock Lancashire out. The raw cotton is to be grown in Queensland at treble the world price at which it could be bought on the Liverpool Exchange. Machinery is to be erected at double the cost in Lancashire, and the estimated cost of running the mills is three times that of Lancashire.

Body-line

This scheme is not only a deliberate "body-line" attack on Lancashire: it is a flagrant breach of the Ottawa Agreement. The object of the Ottawa Conference was to promote preferential trading within the British Commonwealth.

The Dominions were to have preferences in the British market in exchange for preferences for the British manufacturer in the Dominion markets. There was to be give and take on both sides.

One article of the Agreement provided that tariffs in the Dominions "shall not exceed such level as will give United Kingdom producers full opportunity of reasonable competition on the basis of the relative cost of economical and efficient production." It is true that this provision is coupled with "special consideration to the case of industries not fully established."

But what "opportunity of reasonable competition" is there against a tariff which at one stroke of the pen is raised from 5 per cent. to 100 per cent.? Can it be supposed that when Mr. Thomas and Mr. Baldwin signed the Ottawa Agreement they contemplated that the Australian delegates would promptly go home and say, "Now we have got our preference in the British market we can clap on 100 per cent. tariff against Lancashire in our market in the name of 'industries not fully established'"?

Good, simple men, of course they imagined nothing of the kind. They knew there was no cotton industry in Australia, and it did not occur to their innocent minds that the Australians, having been given the free run of our market, would proceed to stick up notice "No admission to British goods!" in their market.

That is what they have done. They have done it first as a trial on a small range of things. But if this bluff is permitted to pass then nothing is safe. Every manufacture that we send to Australia will be up against an insurmountable tariff wall, behind which spoon-fed industries will exploit the Australian farmer and the Australian consumer to their heart's content.

This will not do.

The Australians cannot have it both ways. They cannot have the English cake and keep their own. They cannot

—will Australian High Commissioner Bruce convince his country of the soundness of the argument?

be permitted to have preference and privileges in our market which make it impossible for the British farmer to compete with them and at the same time padlock their market against the products of British workshops.

If they want a free run here they must give our manufacturers a square deal there.

That is what the threat of a boycott against Australian goods in Lancashire means. The Lancashire grocers understand very well that their prosperity depends on the prosperity of the cotton industry and that if Australia is going to boycott that industry they themselves will suffer. "If you won't buy from our customers," they say, "then we will not buy from you. If you won't help us to live we will not help you to live." I do not love a war of reprisals, but if ever reprisals were asked for, the Australians have asked for them.

It is for the Government to take up this matter with a strong hand. Mr. Lyons must be told bluntly that if his Government propose to drive a carriage and four through the clumsy verbiage of the Ottawa Agreement they must be prepared to see that Agreement denounced and strong measures taken for the defence of British industry.

Let them think

This is an occasion for plain speaking. This country has for years past spent hundreds of thousands of pounds through the Empire Marketing Board in imploring the British public to buy Empire products—mainly Australian. We have borne the cost of this propaganda alone. The propaganda has only ceased because the beneficiaries would bear no part of the cost.

Are we, as a reward for all this, to see the spirit and letter of the Ottawa Agreement outraged and British manufactures denied access to Australian markets by 100 per cent. tariffs? If so, let us face the fact that "preferences" are a deceit and a snare, and set about safeguarding the interests of British industry in other ways.

Lancashire's way may not be the right way. But it has given Australia something to think about and a hint to the Government that it must find a better.

Not from the B.B.C.

Seaside Sinners

I'M not, I hope you'll understand,
I'm not an ordinary land—
An ordin'ry landlady!
My boarding house is *most* refined,
For ne'er at "Seaview" will you find
A guest the least bit shady!

The cooking I provide is plain,
Admittedly, but I maintain,
With air of prim propriety,
That, though by thoughtless guests abused,
My menu cannot be accused
Of lacking in variety.

So when my guests in carping mood
Talk of unvaried seaside food,
I tell them they're mistaken;
If bacon and an egg to-day
My boarders get, to-morrow they
Can change to egg and bacon!

The dignified protest I have just read comes from a seaside landlady who is pained by the suggestion that none but the brave would serve the fare provided at many seaside boarding houses.

Being unable to see that there is any room for improvement in the prevailing standard of seaside landladyship, she is at a loss to understand why the Blackpool Corporation has decided to institute cooking classes for landladies.

As for the harebrained notions of Mr. H. E. Evans, president of the Blackpool Hotel and Apartment Association, these have only to be stated for hash-house empresses throughout the land to elevate their noses in regal disapproval and remark severely, "We are not amused!"

For if Mr. Evans had his way, the ozone from Bognor to Blackpool would be vitiated by a frivolous Continongtal aroma which would be nauseating to the nostrils of true-blue British landladies.

"I should like," declares this daring innovator, "to see our landladies offer their visitors vegetables served in the various German ways, spaghetti and macaroni cooked as they do in Italy, and omelettes made as in France."

This, of course, has a fine impressive sound, but summer boarders must be excused if they cherish doubts. While we must all wish to reduce the appalling toll of casualties which results every August from boarding house plum cake and seaweed pie, what evidence have we that the matutinal kipper will be more comforting to the digestion if camouflaged as *herang salé* or that Irish stew will be any less Irish or less stew-like if labelled *compote irlandaise*?

As for the landladies themselves, the mere suggestion that the menu at "Seaview," "4 mins. beach" (or, if more specific directions are required, immediately behind the gasometer), is in any way capable of improvement causes them to bristle.

In fact, judging by a poetic manifesto which has been drawn up by one of them, they can be relied upon to resist all efforts to exalt unknown dishes at the expense of those we know only too well!

My sisters, we must take a stand.
And tell our guests when booking,
That we will yield to no demand
For Continental cooking!
If we to foreign fads give way,
We'll do so to our sorrow;
So serve boiled mutton hot to-day
And serve it cold to-morrow!

Plain Irish stew and plain boiled fish
Are free from taint exotic;
For other types of food to wish
Is most unpatriotic!
So those who love the Union Jack
Will bear without a question,
Like true-blue Britons, each attack
Of home-made indigestion!

JOHN BULL.

Weekly Informations from MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

BEWARE the Dynamite Men!

—Colossal Share-pushing frauds Exposed

IT is not long since readers of these pages were warned that share-pushers were launching a "bigger and better" campaign of plunder, and my post-bag brings me evidence that the warning was justified.

The gentle art of unloading practically worthless shares on a too-trusting public is being practised by an increasing number of unscrupulous firms, who rely upon travelling touts, or "dynamite men," to clinch their despicable deals.

The "dynamiters" are engaged in a ruthless campaign of exploitation throughout the British Isles A journey of 500 miles is nothing to them when they are after plunder. It is impossible to estimate how many million pounds of the investing public's money falls into the hands of these gentry every year. But their profits are on a fantastic scale—often in the region of 2,000 per cent.!

This week I want to deal with a firm whose activities deserve special condemnation. It began operations in January of this year at Moorgate Station Chambers, London, E.C., and is known as Messrs. Lee, Watson and Murray.

Fruit!

I gather from inquiries made by members of my staff that, when this firm came to birth, the general nature of its business was described as "fruit marketing." Three months later the proprietor, Mr. Donald Murray, appears to have suddenly decided to conquer fresh fields of enterprise, for he added "general finance and share dealing" to the business of fruit marketing.

The experience of a Scottish reader with this firm is illuminating. Six months ago Messrs. Lee, Watson and Murray, out of pure kindness of heart, began to send to this reader a circular which was issued twice weekly.

One of the circulars urged him to buy East Rand Consolidated, which were offered at 28s.—free of commission. This in spite of the fact that these shares were then quoted at 31s.

Unfortunately he ordered the purchase of three hundred of these shares, and on the receipt of the purchase note he sent a cheque, which was duly cashed.

Then came the catch.

A month later he received an unexpected visit from a representative of Messrs. Lee, Watson and Murray, who sought to persuade him to sell his East Rand shares immediately. The method of persuasion was crude, but effective.

His visitor, making a plea for strictest secrecy produced from his bag what purported to be a cable from South Africa, saying that developments on the mine were very disappointing. It was pointed out that when the facts became known there was bound to be a rapid fall in these shares. Therefore, he was urged to sell quickly to avoid loss.

As an alternative, he was persuaded to take up shares in "Stadacona-Rouyn," a Canadian gold-mining company, which could be bought for 27s. The share salesman enthusiastically guaranteed that at the end of two months these shares would be worth 40s.

To get rid of his caller my correspondent offered to sell his East Rands at 32s., and take an equal number of gold-mine shares. He anticipated that, as East Rands were then worth 30s. 6d., his demand for 32s. would be refused, and the net result would be "no business."

To his surprise he received shortly afterwards information that his East Rands had been sold at 32s., and that 355 shares in Stadacona mines had been bought at 27s. a share.

The unfortunate sequel was that he subsequently learned that the shares for which he had paid 27s. were changing hands in London and Canada at 1s. 6d. a share.

This is but an instance of Messrs. Lee, Watson and Murray's method of doing business.

I have before me a recent issue of the "Market Letter" sent out by Donald Murray to addresses all over the country.

A main paragraph is headed, "Easy Money Still Available," and I have no doubt that this announcement can be read as a personal confession, for this man is an expert in the art of finding "easy money."

According to Donald Murray, "any individual who has failed to add substantially to his bank balance of recent months must confess either to subnormal intelligence, zero initiative, or to ill-luck eclipsing that of Job himself."

He then kindly offers to make money for almost everybody except himself, and his smooth tongue and bombastic promises make him a positive danger to small investors.

Pathetic victim

Another victim of this bucket-shop expert is a reader who lives at a South Coast town. This case is doubly pathetic, because my correspondent is an elderly man suffering from ill-health and almost blind.

Early this year Lee, Watson and Murray began to bombard this gentleman with copies of their "Market Letter," and, as a result, he eventually decided to buy a block of East Rand shares through them.

The next move by the share-pushing brigade was in May, when a Mr. Morgan, representing Lee, Watson and Murray, arrived in a very smart car.

After casual remarks about the weather, he suggested that quick profits could be made if my correspondent took up some Stadacona-Rouyn mine shares. It so happened that the victim in this case had only just come out of hospital after a severe operation, and was waiting to go back for an operation for cataract.

In these circumstances he was at a marked disadvantage in dealing with the high-pressure share salesman, who was full of mock sympathy and plausible to a degree.

Wearying of glib sales-talk, he eventually weakened and allowed himself to be persuaded to take up 100 Stadacona-Rouyn shares at 29s., for which he paid £145.

A month later another share-pusher from the same firm, giving his name as Martin, called at the house. His mission was to persuade the investor to take up another 400 Stadacona shares at 29s.

This salesman was enthusiastically eloquent about the prospects of this Canadian mining company. He went so far as to boast that some large American mining corporation had made an offer to take up these shares in July at 55s. Thus an investor would make a quick profit of at least 16s. a share.

Severe blow

Fortunately, my informant was at this time in better health, and was able to resist the wiles of the share-pusher. He refused to buy any more shares. But this second visit had aroused his suspicions about the methods of Lee, Watson and Murray, so he wrote to a genuine firm of brokers to ask their opinion of the shares he had already bought, and their value.

The reply was a severe blow, for it was pointed out that the mining concern in question was a small organisation which had not yet reached the producing stage.

"The shares," he was informed, "last changed hands in London at sixpence, and are now nominally quoted at around 1s. 3d."

In conclusion, he was advised to leave the shares alone.

Unfortunately, he had already bought them at the rate of 29s. a share!

Such flagrant sharp practice as this by Lee, Watson and Murray is a scandal that calls for drastic action by the authorities concerned.

I can only warn my readers to be on their guard against the plausible and unscrupulous share-pushers who are now campaigning throughout the country, leaving untold misery in their wake.

With regard to Canadian mining shares in general, I notice that a Toronto financial newspaper, commenting on bucket-shop operations, states that there is "acute anxiety lest Canadian mining should once again get an undeserved black eye in the British Isles."

I can appreciate that anxiety, but I suggest that our public has a right to be wary about shares which are being unloaded by such concerns as the one I have dealt with here.

A prospector enjoys a "close-up" view of virgin gold; the sharepushers' dupes are still waiting to see theirs!

A COACH CATCH

ONE of the most contemptible tricks is being worked in London and the Home Counties by a man who gives the name of George Britton, and who poses as a motor-coach driver.

His victims are unemployed men to whom he makes promises of a job at fair wages.

George Britton's methods are both cunning and ingenious.

He often waits about at a motor-coach garage, and asks one of the employees if they happen to know a Mr. Blank.

The answer is "No," at which Britton remarks that it is a great pity as he happens to know of a good job as a conductor which is vacant.

Invariably the garage employee knows a friend who is unemployed and could do with such a job. So he gives the name and address of his pal to Britton.

The latter is profuse in his thanks, saying, "Well, I think I can do him a bit of good."

Having obtained a name and address in this way he recently called on an unemployed man living at Guinness Buildings, Snows Fields, London, S.E.

By way of introduction he said that he was employed by a well-known East London motor-coach company.

His firm had asked him to find a conductor for his coach. The wages were £3 5s. a week, and the unemployed man would be wanted to start work in two days' time on a coach running from Victoria to Great Yarmouth.

Eventually Britton, after establishing confidence by his genial and friendly manner, played his trump card.

"You will need a police permit which will cost a guinea," he explained, "but I will fix that up for you quickly, as I know the police well. I'll bring it round to-morrow."

So eager was this unemployed man for a job that seemed so promising, that he handed over the guinea.

That was the last he saw of Britton, and of his guinea.

The facts are that George Britton, who gives his victims a bogus address in Bow Road, London, has no connection with the motor-coach firm whose name he uses.

He is not employed by them as a driver, nor has he any authority to engage anyone as a conductor.

Investigations show that he has found many victims whom he has tricked out of money on the promises of jobs which do not exist.

As he is a positive danger to the unemployed we give his description so that he may be recognised.

He is about 35 years old, clean shaven, with fair hair. Usually wears a grey flannel suit and cap. He has a ring tattooed on a finger of his left hand.

Such a mean trickster richly deserves a long holiday in prison.

Atrocious Sentence ON A SICK BOY

Eleven-year old Frederick Davey, who was sent off to serve this inhuman sentence—for nothing

N eminent specialist in nervous disorders sat in his consulting-room at Newcastle Royal Infirmary, to the patients of which he gives his services voluntarily.

appointments book on his desk ned an entry which showed that 0 p.m. he had arranged to ex- an eleven-year-old boy named ick Davey, from a miner's home nelia Road, Cramlington, nine away.

specialist read and pencil- d a paper which lay before him. a report from a local doctor for corroboration of a diagnosis he boy had a disposition to chorea, m of St. Vitus' dance, which is ally an ailment of childhood and usually responds to simple treat-

hour of 2.30 passed, but the child ot arrived. Supposing that he een delayed on the train or 'bus y, the specialist waited. The next ntment became due and he could no longer. The boy never red, nor did any message come to n his absence.

great specialist would have been ed if he had known the reason. that moment Fred Davey was marched by a policeman through reets of Newcastle-on-Tyne to the railway station to be sent off to serve a sentence of four years' imprisonment in a reformatory.

At 2.30—exactly when the specialist began his wait—the little chap had been sentenced by the magistrates.

And the sentence was passed upon him for a simple and harmless incident *arising from the slight nervous trouble for which the specialist had agreed to examine and treat him.*

The magistrates had, of course, full power to sentence the boy as they did. They were given such power by the Children's and Young Persons' Act which came into force last year, and which JOHN BULL warned the nation at the time, brims with menace to the liberty of every child under seventeen years of age.

Sheer cruelty

In their wisdom, these Newcastle magistrates decided in effect that it would be better for the boy to be locked up for four years rather than that he should receive the expert medical attention which would quickly cure his disability.

The sheer cruelty of this injustice upon a child of eleven will be apparent from the events which culminated in the extraordinary decision of the court.

In some respects Fred Davey certainly differed from other children. Long before he went to school he could read and write fluently, and until this savage sentence was passed upon him, so high and quick was his intelligence that he could digest current topics from the newspapers and discuss them with people advanced in years.

Another remarkable trait observed was that he was absolutely without the sense of fear. Most daring feats and adventures, for instance, were undertaken by him at the coal pits around his home, but he seemed to have no realisation that there was danger in these escapades.

Some months ago Fred's parents began to discern signs in his conduct which perplexed them. He became full of most exuberant spirits, was restless, and his active mind was constantly conceiving practical jokes and pranks which he appeared to perform impulsively on the spur of the moment.

His chance lost

The boy was medically examined, and the doctor believed that the symptoms revealed by his behaviour were those of a functional nervous disorder, possibly chorea, which also explained his other peculiarities, such as his bravado. It was neither of acute nor aggravated form, and the doctor assured the parents that children so afflicted almost invariably recover with proper treatment.

So that there would be complete certainty about the diagnosis, the doctor arranged for him to be examined at Newcastle Royal Infirmary by a leading consultant.

But before the date fixed for the appointment with the specialist, Fred Davey got into trouble with the police for the first time in his life.

Just a game

One Sunday afternoon he was with about thirty boys and girls who invaded an empty house, the door of which was open and the windows of which had been broken for some time. The only damage done was by the ringleader, a boy of fourteen, who kicked a hole in a gas-meter. The meter contained 6s. 8d., but the children left the money intact.

Out of the thirty, the police selected three to be summoned to the court in Newcastle. They chose the ringleader, who was fined 10s.; a fourteen-year-old mentally deficient girl, who was sent to a lunacy institution, and Fred Davey.

After hearing the evidence against Davey, the court adjourned the case to consider what sentence should be passed upon him. The date and hour fixed for the second hearing happened to be identical with those arranged for the nerve specialist's examination.

Before any evidence was heard, Fred's mother handed into the court a letter from the family doctor reporting the condition of the boy.

Against this, an official woman doctor went into the witness-box and stated that she had examined the child but could find nothing wrong with him.

A schoolmaster was called to give evidence by the police, but all he could say disadvantageous to Davey was that he was "quick in learning mischief"—not a very serious condemnation of an eleven-year-old boy.

And an education authority inspector told the magistrates that no complaint whatever could be made regarding the child's home.

If ever a case seemed to merit pathological instead of penal treatment it was surely this very simple one.

The mother expected that it would be dismissed immediately when she returned to court with her son, and that she would be able to take him, only a few minutes late, for the appointment with the specialist waiting at the Royal Infirmary, a short distance away.

She collapsed as if from a hammer-blow when she heard the magistrates pronounce the terrible four years' sentence and saw a policeman grasp her boy to carry him off.

It was because the mother was stricken that the specialist did not receive any message explaining the absence of the boy.

Iniquitous

Four years for entering an empty house with thirty other children—and a first offence at that!

Now, to crown the iniquity, Fred's parents have been informed that they can only visit their boy for two hours every three months, and that he can send a letter to them only once a month.

It is impossible to believe that when these facts come to the knowledge of the Home Secretary he will not at once have the hideous sentence quashed so that little Fred Davey can return to his home and be given the medical care which he needs for the nervous affliction that was first responsible for this atrocious climax.

He Sells Secrets

THE Scientific and Commercial Publishing Company, of Artillery House, Artillery Row, London, offers a new, revised and improved edition of a book containing 10,000 money-making ideas and formulæ.

The book claims to reveal the closely-guarded secrets of photographers, druggists, beauty specialists, opticians, farmers and watchmakers.

Judging by the leaflets received by readers in places as far distant as Edinburgh and in Lancashire, one might arrive at the conclusion that here is a modern Aladdin's Cave.

"Wealth, and all the good things it can buy, is now within your reach," proclaims Mr. T. S. Stewart, the manager. "Don't hesitate, seize your chance now to get out of the rut."

* * *

According to the widely-distributed circulars, the Scientific and Commercial Company has searched the world for information, and the book it offers will not only reveal hidden sources of profit, but it will show clearly how fortunes are made.

"This may mean thousands of pounds to you," runs the advertising matter received by a Glasgow reader, who is advised that the book he is offered is the most wonderful the world has ever produced.

The leaflet adorned by this text is a lengthy index of the processes and trade secrets claimed to be otherwise inaccessible to most English-speaking people.

It is held that merely by glancing through this long list our reader will not find it difficult to decide to post off his order form whilst the matter is fresh in his memory.

He is advised that his cheque will be treated as cash, and that on receipt of it the book will be sent to him by return of post.

The multi-typed letter sent out is itself a picturesque dissertation with money-making for a theme.

* * *

According to the author, there are owners of concerns which were faced with bankruptcy, but which, by following the advice afforded, have been enabled to take on a new lease of life.

But, as the manager of this enterprising concern later points out, "Life is made up of chances and gambles."

One of the chances he has invited our readers to take is the purchase of this much-advertised volume for twenty-five shillings.

But he does not say why he prefers to pass on his secrets in this way instead of turning them to profitable account by practising what he preaches!

PLACE *for your* SNAPS

Having taken their pictures with an "Ensign" Camera—JOHN BULL's recent Presentation Gift—thousands of readers are now preserving their pictures in the new-style "Photographs Book" which JOHN BULL has made available.

Containing 40 large pages made from specially selected mounting board—richly bound, this album may be secured at the special privilege price of 3s. 6d. Applications, with remittances, should be sent to JOHN BULL (Dept. B), 5, Castle Street, London, W.C.2.

2 EXTRA cigarettes instead of Frills and Tinfoil

12 for 6d.
also
6 for 3d.
24 for 1/-
and in decorated tins
50 for 2/-

As big and as good as any 10 for 6d. cigarettes

GODFREY PHILLIPS'

'PLUS TWO'

CIGARETTES

THE 'PLUS TWO' MAN GETS TWO MORE

A GREAT HOLIDAY Swindle

Visitors to London have been offered special facilities by the National Tourist Association. But its doors are now closed!

Thousands of Tourists Left in the Lurch

TORS of hotels and g-houses in many parts country are being vic- this season by a clever trickery.

months ago there came organisation with the the National Tourists'

Secretary and organiser Mr. J. A. J. McLelland, an office at 50, Wel- Glasgow, and later n Buckingham Street,

offices as a background es, Mr. McLelland has mpaign to attract mem- tional Tourists' Associa-

o types of membership lic. The first, for "Ser- is for the proprietors arding-houses, who pay g from two guineas up-

sive leaflet

intended for ordinary e public who, for an ion of five shillings, are e privileges of the Asso- according to the printed re many and varied. leaflets and brochures ims and objects of the ve been widely distri-

doubt that the printed essed a large number of ve paid their subscrip- f that they were joining well-established organi-

entitled "What the ts' Association does for ells a convincing story, f the globe suggests that encircles the earth.

aim of the Associa- brochure, "is to make simpler and pleasanter members, and to cut out ry and some of the ex- remove entirely the ce which threatens the with a spoiled holiday, nds are to be explored." tion's methods ensure nt travelling and com- ean living accommoda- in time and money."

accommodation, it is he Association's experi- s have personally in- ts of many thousands of -houses, etc., in every rt district in the United

rs are told they can ob- ation at rates ranging thirty-five shillings a ineas a week. ugh the literature, it McLelland will do almost members except pay for

plausible

ed his propaganda, Mr. land left his Glasgow e South to open his and to visit hotel pro-

an, possessing charm of easy flow of promises, ed in extracting member- hree guineas from his ents.

re typified in the experi- proprietress at Streat- S.W.

ng several rooms in the d said that he would en- r a family who were coming to England from abroad for a holiday which would last for several months.

On the strength of this definite booking, he collected a subscription of three guineas in advance.

In preparation for the coming guests from overseas, two rooms in the hotel were redecorated, and were kept vacant for several weeks.

But time passed and the guests never arrived. But no satisfaction could be obtained from McLelland, as he had disappeared from his London office!

Another of this trickster's exploits was in West London. He drove up to a Bayswater hotel in a car, which made his arrival look impressive.

Once inside, he explained the merits of the National Tourists' Association, and inspected a number of rooms.

Missing professors

He then booked accommodation for a party of four, which was arriving in London on the following Saturday. Having received this booking, the proprietor of the hotel paid a subscription of three guineas to the Association.

Once again the guests did not arrive, and once again McLelland did his disappearing trick.

A few days later he called at a hotel at Paddington, where he told his oft-repeated story with new trimmings.

In this instance McLelland booked accommodation for a party of four professors of an Edinburgh University, who were, he said, coming to London for two months' research work. He stressed the need for writing-desks in their rooms.

The hotel proprietor was so impressed by this circumstantial story that the fees demanded by McLelland were paid on the spot.

Weeks went by and the four professors failed to arrive, and once again McLelland was missing.

A similar complaint comes from a reader at Harrogate, who also paid a subscription and got no satisfaction, as promised guests did not arrive.

All of this indicates that this trickster is successfully finding dupes in various parts of the country.

His methods are invariably the same. He drives up to a small hotel in a car, and explains that the National Tourists' Association is a concern of wide ramifications, and to impress his victim of the value of becoming a member he books advance accommodation for guests.

The victim nibbles at this bait, pays the subscription, and makes preparations for the arrival of the promised guests.

When they fail to arrive, he writes or calls at the London office of the Association, only to learn that McLelland is missing. He does, in fact, disappear with surprising frequency.

Investigations show that the London premises of the National Tourists' Association at Buckingham Street, Adelphi, London, which is described as "the Head Office for the South of England," is a small office which was rented at 7s. 6d. a week.

Scotland, too!

Recently McLelland made an attempt to remove his correspondence and a large stock of booklets extolling the merits of his Association. But the landlord rightly insisted that the arrears of rent must be paid before the goods were removed.

The money was not forthcoming, so McLelland again disappeared, leaving everything behind him, including his overcoat.

Since his disappearance there have been many callers at the office who are particularly anxious to see him, and there have been urgent inquiries by telephone.

Those who hoped that an appeal to the Glasgow headquarters of the National Tourists' Association would bring satisfaction have been doomed to disappointment, for McLelland has decamped from there, too, owing rent, and with numerous dupes clamouring for redress.

Throughout Scotland people have been caught in exactly the same way, and the Glasgow police have received numerous complaints about unfulfilled promises to tourists and boarding-house and hotel proprietors.

As McLelland shows no sign of returning to his abandoned headquarters, the landlords now intend to impound the furniture and sell it to recover some of the arrears of rent that are due to them.

In these circumstances, anyone who can throw light on the present whereabouts of this elusive tourist agency trickster will be performing a valuable public service by communicating with the authorities at once.

The Shark Ashore

MANY unemployed people are naturally attracted by any offer which promises work.

The following advertisement has been appearing recently in various provincial newspapers:—

> "Persons requiring positions on liners should write to Lloyd Stevens and Co., 87, New Road, Woolwich, London, for free forms and particulars of assistance given."

A Portsmouth reader who replied soon discovered that forms were, indeed, the only free thing about this offer.

"The objects of this service," writes the Secretary, "are to enable persons of ordinary ability and without any special qualification to obtain an appointment on one of the many ships engaged in export and passenger traffic.

"We have only to remind applicants of the enormous boom in sea cruises and that approximately half of Britain's largest vessels are now engaged solely on luxury cruising, which alone affords constant and well-paid occupations for thousands of men and women."

To whet the appetite of the applicant, a folder is enclosed which lists the monthly rates of pay for various members of a ship's crew from a wireless operator to a waiter.

"You are assured of a good wage and board and lodging free," states the folder.

"Liners are continually engaging staffs, and it is our business to introduce you to one of these companies." Now the fee for this service is "the ridiculously small sum of 4s."

A Portsmouth reader who scraped together this fee with great difficulty, as he was unemployed, received in return four pages of typewritten matter that was not worth fourpence.

The "instructions" included such gems as "Do not worry about sea-sickness, you will be busy and we doubt whether you will notice the motion very much on a large vessel."

This reader was not worrying about sea-sickness, his chief worry was to get a job!

In addition, he was given a list of shipping companies to which he could apply for work. *Such a list could be obtained from a reference book in any library.*

This is a particularly mean form of fee-snatching, and we advise readers to abstain from sending good money to Messrs. Lloyd Stevens and Co., of 87, New Road, Woolwich, London.

It is obvious that people without experience are extremely unlikely to obtain positions with any shipping company.

The Secretary of this fee-snatching concern is Mr. G. Norman Cradduck, who is somewhat vaguely described as having spent many years in various seafaring capacities.

He should return to the seafaring life forthwith.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BIG MONEY FOR YOU.
Cochrane & Sons help you to make money. Ladies' Knickers, 5/6 doz. Sell at 9d. per pair. Overalls, 4/11 doz. Sell at 8½d. each. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. 1/- line for 8½d pair. Hundreds of other bargains. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL, every kind for Spare-time Agent and Shopkeeper. 176-page Catalogue free.—May (125), Birmingham.

HOSIERY, U'wear, Buy for resale. Large profits. No risk. Illus Cat. free. Beginners instructed. —Rayon Silk Co. (J.), 9, Friday Street, E.C.4.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EATONIAN Xmas Club. Agents wanted. Free Gift & Art Catal. to every applicant, 5/ £ com. Special Prizes and Free Gifts. Huge Sel. Choc., Toys, Fcy. Goods, Cigs, etc. No outlay. P.C. to Eaton & Co. (Dept. A.), Lower Wortley, Leeds, 12.

ORGANISERS WANTED for the great JOHN NOBLE XMAS CLUB.—Genuine, big commission and guaranteed service. SEND P.C. NOW for free art catalogue and full particulars.—John Noble, Ltd., X.2 Dept., Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.—4/6 in the £ COMM on Cadbury's, Fry's, Terry's, 6/6 on Fancy Goods, Utility Lines, Toys, etc.; also presents value £4 4s. Write to-day for Beautiful Art Catlg., containing over 1,000lines, FREE, post pd.—Dennis & Co., Club Specialists, Dept. 324, Colne, Lancs.

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COMM. 3/4 to 7/6 in the £. Free gift every Agent. Send for 200-page Xmas cat. In actual colours we show hundreds of gifts in Choca., Jewellery, Glass, Fancy Goods, Drapery and Toys. Big comm. and prizes for spare-time work. No limit to your earnings.
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Join the oldest and most reliable Firm. 5/- in £ on many CADBURY'S, ROWNTREE'S, TERRY'S and FRY'S.
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LAVISH Catalogue and Free Gift every Enquirer. England's favourite Xmas Club. Original TATE'S (Dept. A.A.), Foundry Street, Leeds.

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We have imitators galore—but rivals none. By dealing with us you can give your customers a promise for prompt delivery and keep it. We are ready to send you NOW our 250-page Art Catalogue and particulars of Commission Terms, Bonuses, etc.
RAWLING, 648, HESSLE ROAD, HULL.
"The Firm That Never Lets You Down."

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Awaits every Agent for the Famous "VICTORIA" Series Private Christmas Cards. IT PAYS TO DEAL DIRECT WITH BRITAIN'S ACKNOWLEDGED LARGEST MANUFACTURERS. You get UNBEATABLE COMMISSION, COSTLIEST PRIZES, and a Sample Book which makes all others seem OLD-FASHIONED. Book free, Carr. paid.—JONES WILLIAMS & Co., Dept. 203, Victoria Works, PRESTON.

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Largest and most successful Manufacturers REQUIRE AGENTS EVERYWHERE, and offer FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID THE SAMPLE BOOK THAT INFLUENCES MORE ORDERS THAN ANY BOOK PUBLISHED. It contains original and COPYRIGHT GREETING CARDS AND NOVELTIES; 17 CHARMING CALENDARS, IMIT. OIL PAINTING, MINIATURE OF MRS. SIDDONS, ENGAGEMENT WALL CALENDAR, MAJOLICA PLAQUE, Delightful ANIMAL STUDIES IN METAL, SPECIAL ROBERT BURNS METAL PORTRAIT CALENDAR; and finest collection of pictures ever published on Private Greeting Cards. HIGHEST COMMISSION AND BEAUTIFUL PRIZE GIFTS.—BRITISH CHRISTMAS CARD CO., Dept. 119, BLACKBURN.

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Amazing variety, abounding in Novelties, Calendar Studies. Beautiful Pictures in Bromide. Coloured Scenes, Flower Subjects, Dainty Notepapers, Bookmark, etc. 30 years' experience enables us to give the very latest and best selection. We have become the recognised firm for value and generous terms. No outlay. Free Sample Book. Highest Commission. Best Prizes. —Apply, G. DENTON & CO., LTD., Dept. D 15, Accrington.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 10s. per line.
A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 30s.
Advertisements must be received not later than noon on Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THE R.I. HANDBOOK
Shows enterprising Agents how to earn the highest money from selling Private Christmas Cards. Entirely free, no obligation. Write for this interesting handbook now, and make sure of doing the best thing.—Dept. 5, The London Fine Art Association, 11, Tavistock Square, LONDON, W.C.

EARN BIG MONEY
as Agents for all-the-year-round firm specialising in Clothing, Footwear, Jewellery, Fancy and Household Goods. Liberal commission and bonuses paid and cash prizes. Send at once for particulars post free.—Ambler Price & Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Amprico Hse., Acton Lane, N.W.10.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARD AGENTS.—Write for the OUTSTANDING SAMPLE BOOK of the Season, the beautiful ROYAL ART Series. Wonderful range of exclusive Designs at moderate prices. Highest Commission. Books FREE and Carriage paid.—ART PUBLISHING CO., Dept J.B., PRESTON, LANCS.

LONDON'S LEADING Christmas Club House want Agents. We definitely pay the highest genuine commissions. No outlay. Beautiful Catalogue and full equipment for forming a successful club free.—London Confectionery Club, 739, Old Kent Road, Peckham, London.

EMPLOYMENT.

YOUNG Men physically fit should join the police. Study at home in your spare time. We have special courses for entrance and promotion; 1/- per week brings success. Full particulars free, or advice about other careers, Commercial, Technical or Civil Service, free.—Dept. 149, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

MAIL ORDER TRADERS. — Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban 7/10. Welsh 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free. Write for Prospectus 60, Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1 (Chancery 8113.)

HAVE YOU SEEN the new Adana High-Speed Automatic Printing Machine? The cheapest practical Printing Machine on the market. Does all kinds of printing and costs only 28/6. Read all about it in the advt. on page 3.

PRINTING (every description, lowest prices). Catalogues, Magazines, Price lists, Stationery, etc. Samples 2d.—Meads, 60, Sandy.

PRINTING.—Best Cards, Memos, B'heads, 100 1/9, 200 2/6, 1,000 7/6. Scentcards 500 10-. Samps.—Tice's, 11, Oaklands Grove, Ldn., W.12.

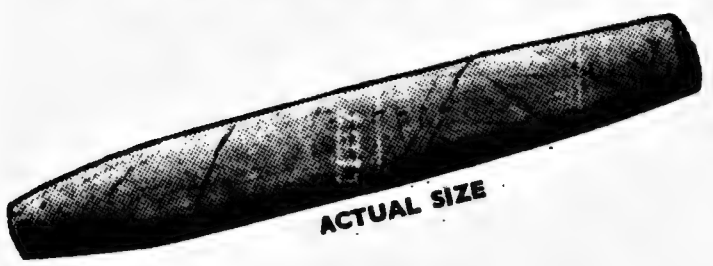
BARGAIN SALES.

EVERY reader of *John Bull* is invited to write to F. Hodgson & Sons (Dept. J.B.), Woodsley Road, Leeds, for a copy of their new illustrated Bargain Sale Catalogue of Carpets, Rugs, Blankets, Bedding, etc., offered at low warehouse prices. This offer appears on page 31.

LIFE-SIZE PHOTO ENLARGEMENTS (20 in. by 16 in.) at amazingly low price of 1s. See advt. of Howard and Alan, Ltd., on page 2.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WILLS'S WHIFFS



More and more men are "discovering" this wonderful little cigar and recommending it to their friends. It has a fine Havana flavour, it is cool and mild in smoking, and the cost is very moderate.

Cartons of 3 . . . 6D
„ „ 6 . . . 1/-
Flat tins of 12 . . . 2/-

W.W.11

A PAYING Profession. Become a certificated Chiropodist.—Write partics. Home Study Course, 3, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

"AS a result of introductions which you gave me I have the offer of three excellent posts," writes an ATTWOOD trained salesmanship student (FR.CT), while another (I.D.) writes: "Through the very efficient methods of your Appointments Department I have secured a position." You can quickly qualify by spare time study at home of the Wallace Attwood College MASTER Course of Salesmanship to receive introductions to firms.—If you are ambitious and prepared to equip yourself for a progressive career as a Salesman, write to-day for 28-page illustrated brochure, "The Profession of Salesmanship": The Wallace Attwood College, Ltd., 26T, Bedford Row, W.C.1.

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CHINA.—120 articles. Jugs, Plates, Cups, Scrs., Mugs, &c., 10/- 1,000 dinner sets FREE 48 Cups & Scrs., 4/-. Glass & H'dware Col. Catlg. & Guide, worth £'s FREE. BridgeSt. Pottery. Dept. 9. Buralem.

A CORRECTION regarding a bargain. In the issue of *John Bull* dated August 18 a reference was made on this page to the advt. of Paton Mill Co. It stated that Down Quilts and Tea Sets were given away with 2s. bedding bales, the correct price being £1—a bargain at that! The offer is again repeated on page 3.

COVER that room with Artoleum. Nothing Cheaper, nothing Better. No nailing; rotproof, damp-proof. A big roll for 15s. is offered in advt. on page 3.

BIG BARGAIN for Ladies. Two sets of dainty undies for 1s. down and free gift of hose. Don't miss it. Turn back to page 2 and read advt. of Manor Trading Co.

GARDEN HINTS. Get Bath's Great Free Book. It's advertised on page 2.

TURN to the amazing offer on p. 30 of a FREE RAZOR to every purchaser of six super-Shavex Blades. Simply send P.O. for 1/- to the address in the advt.

SCOTIA WOOLS 1d. oz. Silky, 1½d. Crochet, 1½d. oz., Tweeds 1½d. Blk., Rug, 3d. Col'rd 9½d. Thrums 5½d. lb. 1d. p.c. brings 1/- Rug Book Sps. Free. Scotia Wools, 188, New Bridge St., Newcastle.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO - ACCORDIONS from £2 2s. 6/6 monthly. BANJOS, GUITARS, DRUMS etc. 44-p. cat. free. — OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B., 5, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

CRANE'S PIANO OFFER.
ROGERS. A Piano anyone would be proud to own. Thoroughly reconditioned and offered at bargain price. 20 gns. or 10 6 monthly. Free Delivery. No Deposit. Write for Catalogue "20" of Pianos and Organs.
CRANE & SONS, LTD., HANOVER STREET, LIVERPOOL.

FREE.—Send for a free copy of a Wonderful Catalogue of radio's greatest value, "Bringing Home the Radio Stars," offered by PHILIPS, the world's largest radio manufacturers. Write at once for a copy, mentioning *John Bull*, to Philips Lamps, Ltd., 145, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

FREE! Write at once for special illustrated leaflet which fully describes the famous Fourby "His Master's Voice" All-Electric Superreception with sensitivity and selectivity unequalled at the price. Get full particulars of the easy terms—less than 5s. a week—by writing, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Gramophone Co., Ltd., 106T, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1. See page 23.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

WORMS CURED.—Arteo Brand Worm Tablets are a specialist's Positive Cure by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details.—Richard Tabiet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-. Books, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Samps. 4d.

AGED PEOPLE find Allenburys Diet grateful and comforting. Send 3d. stamps for 7-day trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.4), 37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

WHY SUFFER FROM PILES? Get instant relief from pain and irritation with Acanus Ointment. Nothing like it. Only 1/4d. post free. —WILLIAMS, Chemist, CHEAM, SURREY.

NAIL-BITING.—A real cure at last! Amazing discovery which completely and quickly eradicates this objectionable and health-endangering habit in adults and children. Send for free explanatory booklet. Enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Bonnaway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

NERVES? FEAR? Anxiety? Depression? "Trent's Rational Method of Nerve Control" is new, authoritative, effective.—Write for free booklet.—Vitalife Co., 23b, Kingly St., Ldn. W.1.

FREE.—Wonderful first-aid booklet. Fill in the coupon in the BAND-AID advt. on p. 30 or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Johnson & Johnson (Gt. Britain), Ltd., Slough, Bucks. Every home ought to have a copy. BAND AID is a combined antiseptic dressing and plaster which cannot chafe or press on the wound, neither can it shift.

FREE.—Don't suffer a minute longer with constipation—a generous sample of FEEN-A-MINT, the safe, pleasant chewing laxative which banishes this distressing complaint, is offered to every reader who sends 1½d. in stamps to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. H40), 15, Thames House, Westminster, Ldn., S.W. See p. 20.

WRITE for a free copy of "My Book"—a full and reliable guide to the rearing of children.—Simply send a p.c. to Keen, Robinson & Co., H.M.-121, Carrow Works, Norwich. See offer on page 31.

A FREE book to pile sufferers is offered in the PENNANT advt. on p. 29.

SAMPLES of "Zee-Kol" Ointment, Pills and Medicated Soap will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) on the Back Cover.

PHENSIC is one of the quickest pain-killers known. Invaluable for headache, nerve pains, neuralgia, etc. If you would like a free sample, write to Phensic, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.41), 420, Chester Road, Manchester. See p. 24

FREE Tablet Container. Send a p.c. to the Vero Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, for a free nickel tablet container for DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS, suitable for vest pocket or handbag. Mention *John Bull*, when writing.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plate (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

CASH Waiting for any kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Diamonds, Dental Plates, etc. Highest cash per return. Est. 25 yrs. Bells Headrow, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A FREE SAMPLE TUBE of "Euthymol" Tooth Paste, which prevents dental decay, will be sent to every reader who fills in the coupon in the advt. on p. 21. Send while you think of it.

SEND for free sample tube of "Shavex," the modern method of shaving. Attach coupon in the advt. on the Back Cover to your name and address, with 2d. stamp for postage.

A SAMPLE of "Doge" Face Cream will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) appearing on the Back Cover.

MOTHERS, here's news about POST TOASTIES! A more-attractive-than-ever series of coloured cut-out toys are on the latest "Post Toasties" packets. Mickey Mouse! Minnie Mouse, the Three Little Pigs, and many other famous Walt Disney characters. Now, when you buy "Post Toasties" you get the most popular and delicious of breakfast corn flakes and the most famous characters ready for the children to cut off the packets and make into lifelike toys. Give the children "Post Toasties" with milk or cream—they are also delightful with fresh fruit, too! See p. 23.

FREE!—Have you had your copy of the "Stork" Recipe Book? Simply write to Van den Berghs and Jurgens (Sales), Ltd. Dept. 557, Unilever House, London, E.C.4.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Samples of all four shades of Pond's new Face Powder will be sent to every *John Bull* reader who writes to Dept. 588, Pond's Extract Co., Ltd., Perivale, Middx., enclosing 1d. stamp towards packing, postage, etc.

KEEP the family fit on SHREDDED WHEAT. It brings the natural nourishment of whole wheat in its most beneficial form. Splendid with honey, cold milk or stewed fruits—nothing can be tastier. See p. 28.

BIG BOSS of the TEA RACKET

Housewives all Over the Country Duped

A NUMBER of minor convictions have been reported in recent weeks upon touting canvassers engaged in selling inferior quality tea from door to door.

In Dorchester and in Wolverhampton, among other centres, the authorities have taken the step which should be followed in many other quarters, if what is the most disgraceful fraud yet practised on housewives is to be thoroughly stamped out.

We most heartily approve of the action which has followed the complaints made by householders to the police, because for years past we have directed a campaign against many teams of so-called "salesmen" who have combed Britain from end to end, giving worthless promises of cash bonuses to housewives whom they have induced to purchase third-rate tea at exorbitant prices.

One of these "salesmen" was at Wolverhampton sentenced to six months' hard labour the other day; and it was revealed in court that he belonged to a gang of no fewer than twenty-five men engaged in this ramp.

* * *

On the strength of a promise that she would be entitled to a prize of £30, he obtained £3 from a woman to whom he sold tea at 3s. 4d. a pound.

It is hardly necessary to say that the woman who stocked her larder with this tea has so far failed to secure the money she was led to believe was being distributed.

The pity of it is that the young man now in jail is but twenty-one years of age—on the very threshold of his career.

He is paying the just penalty of his misdeeds, but a penalty that is much more richly merited by those who so far have escaped.

The ramp in which he was engaged has been described by us on numerous occasions, yet there are many who write to us every week to say they have been duped.

In recent weeks we have received letters from readers in places as far apart as Suffolk, Warwickshire, Yorkshire, Somerset and Gloucestershire.

These readers have been induced by touts to buy a pound of tea every week for eight weeks, at the end of which time, they are assured, there is a profit-sharing distribution of cash.

The number of housewives who have been duped must run into thousands. One we have so far learned did receive one pound, but she had been promised three; and then, to her great annoyance, her name and address was published on handbills which were delivered throughout the country.

But enquiries we have made concerning the firms and individuals complained about reveal that so far the authorities have only touched the fringe of the scandal. And the truth of our assertion is confirmed in a police court case heard at Pembroke Dock, in South Wales, the other day.

* * *

A young man, native of Leeds, was then before the Bench charged with obtaining money by false pretences from a number of householders he had canvassed in the hope that they would buy tea.

Although neither his employer nor any principal of the firm was present in court, it was revealed that he was employed by a concern trading as Griffiths and Son, of 333, Gray's Inn Road, King's Cross, London, W.C.1.

This youth had induced women to part with money on promises of cash prizes which they were led to think were being given to the buyers of twelve pounds of trash variously described as being Ceylon, Indian or China tea.

* * *

One of the witnesses in court told how four canvassers had called upon her with this tempting offer. She parted with £4, and received written authority for £24 which she took to the bank.

She was a poor widow to whom such a sum would have proved a godsend. But not only did she fail to receive the £24 she had been promised, but she likewise failed to recover the money she had already paid to the vendors.

The young man who stood in the dock was only nineteen years of age, and it was but four months since he had left his father's employment in the Midland town.

But while he was heavily fined, with the alternative of undergoing a term of imprisonment, the arch rogue in the background, and who taught him the tricks of the sorry trade upon which he had embarked, is missing.

It is nigh time that his activities were made the subject of enquiry by responsible authorities.

He is the principal of the firm we have mentioned.

It is more than two years since we first received complaints about Griffiths and Son, of 333, Gray's Inn Road, London, the individual behind which has been Vernon Alexander Robinson.

Since then they have poured in from Cardiff, Swansea, Portsmouth, Great Yarmouth, and a number of other places throughout the country.

He is undoubtedly a king of tea-canvassing gangs who have so long proved themselves a menace to housewives.

But he is now missing from London. His headquarters was a single office above an ironmonger's shop, but it was in a main traffic artery, within a minute from three great railway stations from which trains leave every minute of the day for all parts of the north, the eastern counties and the Midlands.

* * *

Robinson cannot now be traced. He left his address in Gray's Inn Road, London, owing rent, and pressing creditors in Brighton, Cardiff and Swansea have taken county court proceedings against the concern he registered under the Business Names Act for no greater outlay than 5s.

It is only a few weeks since bailiffs went to the offices he occupied in Queen's Road, Brighton, seeking to recover moneys owing there.

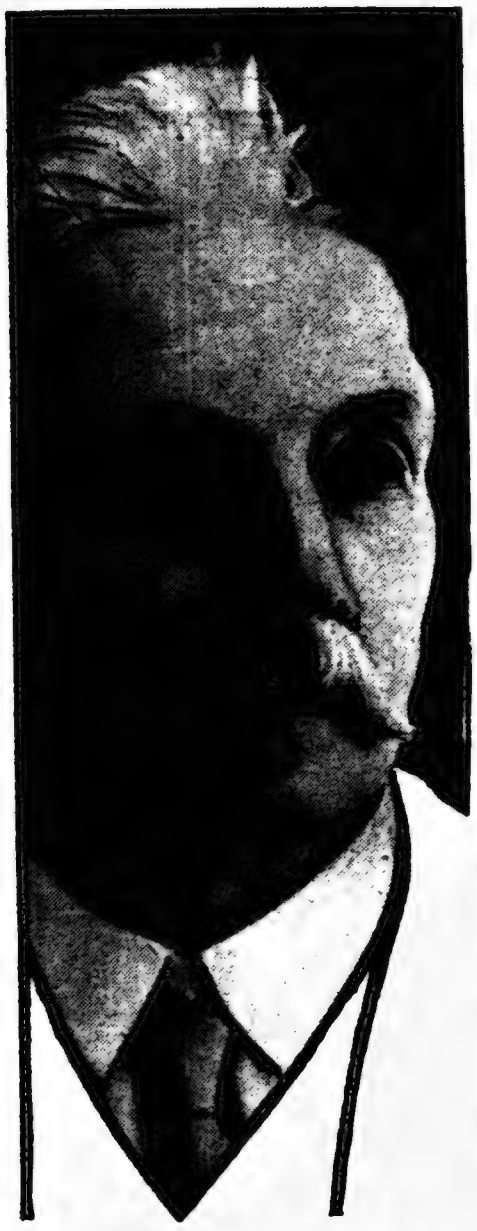
In Pembroke Dock he is anxiously sought by a number of people to whom he gave cheques which were returned from the bank as worthless.

Robinson is a man the police should interview with a view to probing the widespread activities of the band we denounce

And there are others whose practices are denounced by all honest firms. The Dorchester magistrates rendered a signal service when they sentenced three tea touts to jail for three months a few weeks back.

If their example is followed in other parts of the country this disgraceful fraud on housewives can soon be ended.

HE HEARD THE CASE



At Pembroke Dock many revelations were brought to light—Mr. R. G. Ferrier, Mayor of Pembroke, presided

NEST-EGG

THE doctor's face was a study in seriousness. "Yes, it's as I thought—diphtheria," he said, looking from the man in the bed to his wife standing anxiously alongside.

It was bad news for this Southampton housewife so quick to worry, like all women, when anybody else in the family is ill. It was worse for the husband, the breadwinner.

An illness lasting at least several weeks, with no wage-packet in the meantime. Rent, rates and all the usual expenses going on, with additional charges as well. The outlook was a black one.

It was the sort of crisis in which one longs for some nest-egg, however small, to see one through. And as they soon discovered, there was one.

Because diphtheria is one of the illnesses provided for in the wide-scope JOHN BULL Free Insurance, we forwarded our Sickness Benefit of £5 5s., plus the 10s. 6d. bonus to which the husband was entitled as a reader who had been registered over three months.

"It was a wise investment on my wife's part when she insured me in JOHN BULL," he wrote us, acknowledging the cheque.

Have you been wise, too? The necessary coupon awaits your signature—the work of a moment—on page 34.

Homely Wisdom—*by Canon R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.*

DROPPING DOWNHILL

SOMETIMES a JOHN BULL reader gives me his or her confidence about a private problem or moral tragedy. Of the latter I hear a good deal, for it is all too common.

For instance, a father or mother is in trouble about a grown-up son whose whole nature seems to have changed for the worse in a comparatively short time—though perhaps not as short as it seems to them; for a sound character is not corrupted all at once; there is usually a secret sapping going on for a long while before onlookers know of it.

Yet it is astonishing and rather horrifying to note how swiftly moral deterioration can take place once the evil becomes too plain to be concealed. Not long ago I had occasion to renew acquaintance with a young fellow whom I had known and admired a few years earlier.

In fact, I had prophesied a fine future for him because of his conspicuous good qualities. He was clever, energetic, popular, and thoroughly straight and above-board in all his sentiments and dealings with others.

But when I saw him again after the not very long interval referred to, the change in his appearance provoked a shudder. His face told a tale of dissipation and grossness and self-indulgent habits.

The way he had been living was revealed in the coarsening of his whole personality, and the worst of it was that he himself seemed to be unconscious of it, or pretended to be indifferent to the spiritual loss he had sustained.

Dean Inge has said that there is no writing more indelible than that which the passing years inscribe on a man's countenance. It cannot be hidden. The kind of thoughts he has been keeping company with, the aims he has cherished, the deeds he has done, have all left their mark for good or ill.

Happily it is often for good, for there is a charm of serene old age that exceeds the charm of youth.

But let a man begin to live a life of secret wickedness, playing his friends false, deceiving and tricking those who believe in and love him. He can go on with the game for years and nobody suspect it, but the time will come when the foul thing he is making of himself will declare itself for all the world to see.

Like Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, the higher side of his nature will be swallowed by the lower. The only hope for him before he gets to that point is to pull up, turn right round, and at any cost get everything unclean out of his life. It may hurt like hell, but there is no other way of deliverance.

The same kind of moral collapse, sometimes comparatively sudden and violent, shows itself in a happy nature that has been turned sour by brooding over wrongs and disappointments. Women are peculiarly liable to this.

When a lone woman finds herself up against a hard world, fighting desperately to maintain a precarious footing therein, and only too well acquainted with the cupidity and meanness that surround her, her reaction to it all is seen in her very expression.

Peevishness, discontent, weariness and bitterness soon replace her former careless gaiety.

Men and women, don't let either pain or pleasure drag you down; for both can do it, though in different ways. Don't let either of them rob you of your belief in the sweet and gracious things of life. And you will go uphill in spirit as you go downhill in years.

PLAGUE that is *Sweeping the Country—*

Poison P

"IT ought to be an offence to write an anonymous letter of any kind. Some day I hope it will be so."

This remarkable pronouncement was made recently by Sir Ernest Wild, Recorder of London, one of the most outspoken and experienced of our criminal judges.

To many people it may seem a very drastic opinion, but in expressing it Sir Ernest Wild has put his finger on one of the gravest national problems confronting the police and the judiciary. This is the menace of the "poison pen" which is rampant all over the country, in small villages and townships and in the suburbs of scores of cities.

It is an all-pervading evil which is daily besmirching the existence of whole families. It wrecks the lives of countless individuals, drives them from their homes and occupations to seek peace in some other part of the country, and sometimes—if we are to judge from recent inquest reports—to death by their own hand.

Snakes in Eden

Moreover, it is a growing evil, growing in extent from week to week, from month to month, and defeating the best efforts of the police to combat and suppress it.

It is so widespread, indeed, that the General Post Office have had to introduce special machinery in an endeavour to stamp it out.

From Land's End to John o' Groat's the "poison pen" casts its pernicious trail through hamlet and town. For one case the public hears about there are a hundred that never get into the newspapers.

The recent happenings at Brighstone are typical of the evil that we refer to.

Brighstone is an Isle of Wight beauty spot, crowded just now with holiday-makers. They see an Eden, but it is an Eden with its own particular brand of snake. It was of this place that a learned counsel said the other day in a court of law, "this village for the past three or four years must have been a raving inferno of suspicions."

For three years, since January, 1930, a poison pen has been at work in that village. Altogether about 130 letters and postcards have been sent to people in the neighbourhood. All of them were foul and scurrilous, the work, according to the same counsel, "of a raving lunatic who had gone to the cesspools for a vocabulary."

Village of Suspicion

The lives of many of the inhabitants have been made a misery. Some of them have been driven from their homes, and have gone to seek employment and a new home, free from that poison cloud, elsewhere.

Even the village policeman, ordered by his superiors to pursue investigations into the matter, received some of these letters. They preyed on his mind.

The Deputy Chief Constable of the Isle of Wight, working with a special force of detectives and Post Office and handwriting experts, has been working on the case of these poison pen missives since March, 1932. . . . The whole village has been in a turmoil, with everybody suspecting everybody else. The local postmistress has been put on trial and acquitted before a judge and jury.

And the author of the outrages has not been found yet.

At the other end of the country there is the township of Stockbridge, in Yorkshire. A prominent local man there recently offered £100 reward to help to bring to book the writer of some poisonous anonymous letters which have set the whole district in a turmoil.

Evil Letters

Dozens of people have received them. Husbands and wives have been put at loggerheads by lying, malicious communications and workmen have been damaged by anonymous statements made to their employers.

Wellingborough, in Northamptonshire, is another place where a poison pen has created what amounts to a reign of terror. In this town of 25,000 inhabitants a dastardly campaign has been waged for some time past by an unknown individual. The letters are particularly circumstantial and evil, and scores of people prominent in the district have been singled out for attack.

The letters appear at intervals and the police are helpless. The only success they can claim is that when their investigations recommence the letters cease for a while. But when the police stop the flood of poison begins to flow again.

Secrets . .

Glasgow, Hull and Blackpool are other places among the many where the police are coping unavailingly with poison-pen campaigns.

There are instances where the evil is so rampant as to disturb the serenity of a whole community and so achieve some measure of publicity. There are countless other cases affecting individuals which never see the light except in some inquest report. All the victims can do is to endure in silence. The tale of their agony is hidden away in the "suspense" files of the various police authorities.

Scotland Yard has been literally inundated during the past year with appeals for help from people driven to distraction by the receipt of anonymous letters.

Most of the complaints come from clergymen, doctors and well-placed business men in provincial towns.

Here are two or three typical cases which will serve to show something of the task the police are up against.

Not long ago the Yard received a despairing appeal from the wife of a Bedfordshire parson.

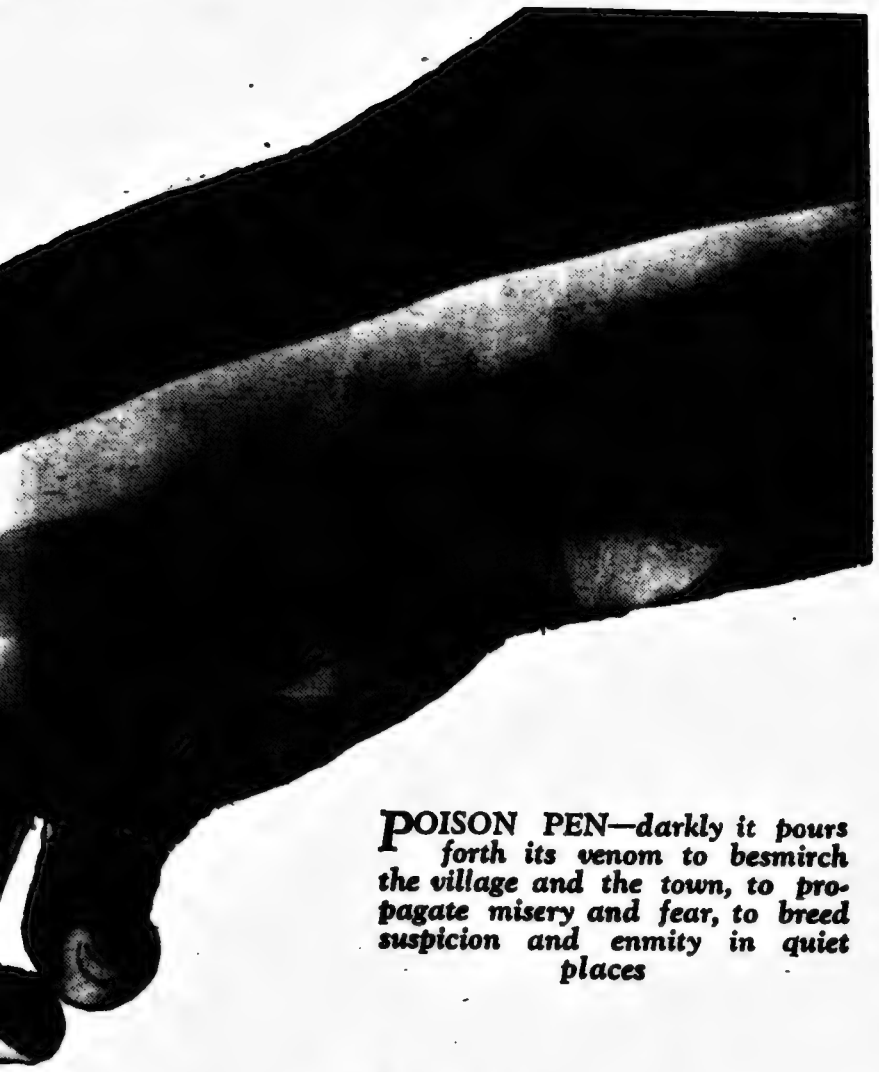
For several years he had been the victim of an endless stream of anonymous letters. Sometimes they had come almost daily. His Bishop had received some of the letters, and so had prominent churchgoers in the vicinity.

The Bishop had interviewed the unfortunate parson, expressed his great sympathy, and advised him to ignore the letters. But the poison stream went on and on, the very persistence of it undermined the victim's health and courage. He gave way to despair and tried to resign his living, but the Bishop persuaded him against it.

His wife wanted him to call in the police, but he shrank from it. At last, unable to bear the situation any longer, unable to watch the nervous breakdown of her husband, the wife got into touch with the Yard unbeknown to her husband.

Supt. Helby went down to this little Bedfordshire town, accompanied by another officer from the C.I.D. He was there for nearly a month and, working in conjunction with the local police and post office,

Wellingborough—the poison pen has been at work



POISON PEN—*darkly it pours forth its venom to besmirch the village and the town, to propagate misery and fear, to breed suspicion and enmity in quiet places*

en Mania

every conceivable trap was set to catch the author of the letters.

Sorting clerks at the local post offices had specimens of the anonymous handwriting in front of them. Letters and postcards addressed to the parson in this writing were traced back to the pillar boxes in which they had been posted. A small army of detectives kept a 24-hour watch on those pillar-boxes. But all to no avail.

Found Drowned

As though the poison penman knew the efforts which were being made to trap him, letters in the same handwriting began to arrive from towns many miles distant. Certain people who came under suspicion were cleared, and at last the police had to relax their efforts—foiled at every turn.

The flood of poison letters went on. And a few weeks later the parson was found drowned.

JOHN BULL is able to reveal the story behind another recent case, when luck came to the help of the police after they had practically been beaten in their efforts to track down a poison-letter writer.

A well-known London Society girl, a Mayfair beauty whose name and photograph is constantly appearing in the gossip columns of the daily papers and the illustrated journals, began to reeeive anonymous letters.

At first they were "fan" letters of the type that all much-pictured beauties receive. Then they began to get more and more complimentary and fulsome. Eventually they became shockingly obscene, and finally included threats to waylay her and injure her. The letters grew so frightful that she became terrified.

She was very little more than a debutante, and because of the scurrilous tone of most of the letters she had the greatest reluctance in telling her father. She has no mother.

Strange Man

One day, however, in a state bordering on panic, she went with another girl to Vine Street Police Station, the headquarters of the London West End area. She took with her all the letters, and she saw Divl. Detective-Inspector Collins, an officer with a vast experience of poison pen enquiries.

He took so serious a view of the letters that the girl was under police protection for a time.

Again the usual traps were set. Pillar-boxes to which the letters were traced were watched. Detectives scoured certain areas of the West End, retailers of stationery were questioned, and letters were photographed for fingerprints and records searched.

But all efforts were fruitless. One day, however, some weeks after the direct search for the author of the letters had been abandoned, complaints were received from neighbours about the conduct of a man living in a Mayfair street.

Observation was kept on his house and he was later taken into custody. There was no connection in the police mind between this man and the author of the letters to the Society girl, but when, in formal course, a warrant was obtained and his flat searched, the detectives found a bundle of letters. Each one of them proved to be a copy of one of the anonymous letters sent to the girl.

Another case on which the Yard is still working, but with little hope of success, is that of a man who was recently found dead in a gas-filled room in a cheap boarding-house in Torrington Square, Bloomsbury, London.

In the newspaper reports of the inquest the case was dismissed as just another suicide. But the police who visited his rooms unearthed a tragic story. In a trunk in the room was found a bundle of anonymous letters. They were dated, the first about a year before, the last a few days before the man's death. They were poison-pen letters.

Home—to Die

The name which the man was using at the boarding-house was not his. He was obviously a man of means and culture. He proved to be a professional man held in high respect in the North Country town where he had lived all his life. He had left a few days before, telling his family and his business associates that he was going on a business voyage to South America.

The truth was that poison letters had driven him from home.

At a London station cloakroom his labelled steamer trunks were found, mute evidence of his pathetic deception. He had come to that obscure boarding-house to die, another victim of the poison pen.

Inquest reports just lately have been packed with such tragic instances. In literally dozens of cases during the past few months the anonymous letter-writer has figured as the chief cause of the victim's end. And these cases are to be found in all classes of society.

A recent case was that of Mr. James Percy Walmsley, the Town Clerk of Middleton, in Lancashire, one time Deputy Town Clerk of Wimbledon, a trained lawyer and a man of ordered, balanced temperament, of secure position, with no financial worries or other troubles.

After he was found shot dead it was revealed that he had been receiving anonymous letters which had preyed upon his mind.

At Ermington, a beautiful seaside village in Devonshire, a young naval stoker killed himself a few days ago.

He was just about to be married and had been receiving poison-pen letters like many other people in the village.

There has been a flood of them which has defied all efforts of the police to track the authors.

P.O. Steps In

As we have stated, the evil is so rampant that the Post Office have taken special action in the matter.

All sorters at branch and local offices throughout the country have been given instructions to "stop" all scurrilous postcards and similar communications. The poison-pen writer generally uses postcards or marks the envelope which contains a letter by some obviously scurrilous remark or drawing.

These communications are now not forwarded to the addressee.

"It is, of course, impossible to apply a 'stop' method perfectly," a high officer of G.P.O. told JOHN BULL recently. "You can get some idea of what we are up against by the fact that during the past year *the number of 'stopped' communications runs into many thousands.*"

The Post Office Investigation Department is also now working in close co-operation with the police to check the growing epidemic, and the authorities have now evolved one service which JOHN BULL can pass on to any of its readers who may be at this moment the victim of some poison-pen writer.

Futile Punishment

It is this. Pass the envelope of the anonymous letter along to your local postmaster. He will give orders that all letters to you are specially scrutinised by the sorters. Any addressed to you in the anonymous handwriting or typewriting will not be delivered to you. In due course they will be destroyed unopened.

But there is another remedy for the poison-pen evil that must be applied.

The police are gravely hampered in their efforts to stamp it out by the ridiculous punishments often inflicted on offenders who are caught. The customary charge is "publishing a defamatory libel." Most of the charges are dealt with summarily, and out of a dozen recent cases eight were disposed of by the payment of a small fine or by the culprits being "bound over."

One woman who had been carrying on a persistent campaign of anonymous letters in a Yorkshire town was recently fined 15 guineas. She had been "bound over" months before for a precisely similar offence.

The Home Secretary should see to it that the law is suitably strengthened. Heavy sentences of imprisonment should follow every conviction of a poison-pen writer. To be "bound over to keep the peace" after wrecking the peace and the mind of fellow-citizens by the foulest and most cowardly of means is a futile and inadequate punishment.

Don't take RISKS!

Cuts, scratches, blisters, sores may lead to serious cases of blood poisoning

APPLY **BAND-AID**

THE COMBINED ANTISEPTIC DRESSING AND PLASTER AND BE SAFE!

You can put it on yourself in a few seconds

Band-Aid has a surgically clean gauze pad mounted on a strip of medical adhesive plaster ready cut to the size you require. It cannot chafe or press on the wound. It cannot shift.

Get a 1/- tin (containing 18 dressings) from your chemist to-day or write for

FIRST-AID BOOKLET FREE

To: Johnson & Johnson (Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough, Bucks. 5/1.9.34

Please send me your First-Aid Booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

SAFE AND DEPENDABLE

Enjoy every minute of your holiday!

You *will*—when

Constipation is defeated

the safe, pleasant

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WAY.

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Feen-a-mint is gentle — but thorough. No strain, no uncomfortable after-effects. And definitely *non-habit-forming*. Take a packet away with you.

Feen-a-mint

for the whole family

Obtainable at all Chemists, 1/3 a box

Feen-a-mint brand Chewing Confection, with laxative properties, is now obtainable in the popular 6D. SIZE

FREE SAMPLE. Send your name and address and 1½d. in stamps (to cover postage) to: White's Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. H.4), 15 Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1

The Woman who Never Complained. She was . . .

THE tall, old-fashioned house stood half-way between slumland and the more fashionable squares of London, West.

It was no "Sunshine Alley," but it was at least on the sunny side of the street and the front doorstep was scrupulously scrubbed. I was looking for cheap lodgings, and when Mrs. Groves answered my ring I felt that my search was at an end.

I can see her now—tall, in her early thirties, with faded blue eyes looking out at you kindly from her thin and gentle face. Her voice was gentle, too, and her soft hair fluffed away from her forehead in a persistent untidiness which she could not control.

Mrs. Groves was not the landlady—only the caretaker, but she could show me a room. I took it and never saw the owner of the house. I didn't need to.

The caretaker, who was paid no wages and was given two basement rooms for all her services, dealt with the lodgers and their complaints, collected the rents and performed a hundred other tasks.

It was through knowing her that I began to realise the truth of the saying that it is "the poor who help the poor." She had two little children of her own to look after and her income was so small and so uncertain that it must often have been very difficult for her to make both ends meet.

But she never complained and she was never too poor to help a neighbour in distress. I could see that she was of a social class different from that of most of the tenants—the drifting, shabby-genteel population of the district.

She wore a cheap wedding-ring and at irregular intervals there was a "Mr. Groves" who visited her basement, stopped for half an hour, patted the children on the head, and walked away, looking prosperous and relieved and self-righteous.

He gave her small sums of money, but whether for her own support or that of the children, I do not know. Nobody in that neighbourhood troubled very much about marriage lines.

There was a "Mr. Groves" who visited her basement at irregular intervals

✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦

If Mrs. Groves' wedding-ring was worthless, as I sometimes suspected, at least she had paid for her mistake in loneliness and poverty and neglect.

"Why doesn't he make a home for you and the children?" I asked her once after one of Mr. Groves' visits.

"Oh, I'm sure he means to later on," she said with a wistful smile. "He always *wants* to do things for us. Only to-day he promised to send me an easy chair."

It never came. His visits were increasingly irregular. Once, when she had been ill for several days, I urged her to write to him.

She shook her head. "He wouldn't like to be troubled," was all she said. But I had a feeling that she did not even know his address—that he came or stopped away, wrote or did not write, just as he chose. With all her gentle humility, she was a proud woman.

Lodgers came and went in that house.

JOHN BULL READERS' STORIES—94

I was earning a small income and before many months had passed there had been changes in every room except my own at the top of the house and "the ground floor front."

An elderly and respectable couple lived there, but Mrs. Groves did not speak to me of them until I had won her confidence.

One day I was chatting with her on the landing, and through the window we watched Mr. and Mrs. Smith leave the ground floor front together. The man looked younger than his wife. His hair and his neat side-whiskers were still dark and he walked briskly ahead.

"Poor soul," said Mrs. Groves looking down at the old woman, "she can't keep up with him now like she used to do. But she tries, God bless her, she tries!"

"Who are they?" I asked, "and what do they do?"

"Have you looked at Mr. Smith?" she replied with a smile. "He's true to his side-whiskers. He's a butler. And she used to be one of the best cooks who ever helped her husband to keep a good place. But I'm afraid they won't be able to go out as a married couple much longer."

Even then she wouldn't tell me what the trouble was. It was a long time before I discovered that the Smiths had lost one good situation after another because, even with all his wife's loving care of him, there were times when the husband gave way to drink.

I found that out one day when I met Mrs. Groves coming out of their room with her own tea-caddy in her hand. She was flustered as though I had caught her in some guilty act. And she was almost driven to explain.

"You see," she confessed, "old Mrs.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Now's the Time!

SEPTEMBER introduces the Nursery Season—the two-year-old handicaps that can be most remunerative for discerning backers.

Gone are the bad old days when the astute trainers used to run a useful juvenile or two down the course with clock-like regularity, until the weights were out for the early nurseries handicaps.

The way some of these youngsters suddenly "found" their true form was truly amazing.

I recollect a few years back a certain Hack Car colt being unbacked and unplaced six or seven times in weight-for-age events.

Then he picked up three nurseries off the reel, being heavily backed on each occasion, despite penalties.

There was an enquiry by the stewards, and the trainer's explanation was accepted.

I know that horses are capable of making abnormal improvement, but there are limits.

Generally speaking, my advice for the Nurseries is "follow the youngsters that have proved their worth." Watch the 7 st. division. Here and there you will find a youngster that has been placed several times, handicapped with the handy weight of 7.5. 7.6. or 7.7.

He will probably do his followers a good turn at the first time of asking, and proceed to win again with a 7 lb. penalty.

I am giving below a list of a dozen juveniles which I am sure will pay their way:—

Ankaret, Bay Lady G., Beatit, Crimson Rambler, Domum, Epic, Goose Quill, Grandpapa, Jocasta, Lodge Park, Misrule and Saxham Cat G.

There is no fresh news of the Leger.

My colleague, "Warren Hill," of the *Sporting Life*, says that Colombo is an even money chance if Capt. Hogg is satisfied with the colt's progress.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 30, to Wednesday, September 5.

U X Z R 98 T F O A Q C 93 B 94 M P

Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E D V

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

GZKD9498JS would read FLAMENCO.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R94Z2938F96S96 would read WELLINGTON.

OUR GOOD ANGEL

s poorly. He's dragged her out
n to answer some new advertise-
When she comes back she'll be
t. And they've got no tea in
n. She *loves* a cup of tea, poor
ng, and so I just left them a

shocked at the realisation of
nexpected poverty. "No tea!"
ted, "but, surely, they're not as
all that?"
she replied with sudden and
ing anger, "it isn't that: He's
it, the selfish old villain!"
on I came to know Mrs. Smith
We used to "pass the time of
hen we met in the hall. Usually
carrying a shopping bag—a neat
nan with thin, worn hands and
ression of strained anxiety.
as proud of Tom, her husband,
s good looks and his strength,
er by the least hint or complaint
betray his weakness.
had been in service together in
ig houses and, thanks to her,
d saved a little money. But the
were fast dwindling away, and
saw Mrs. Smith hurrying out of
se, not with a shopping bag, but
suitcase.

✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦

eemed embarrassed and hastily
ed that she was taking a few
to the cleaners. But it wasn't
They were her own clothes and
taking them to the pawnbrokers.
couple had been out looking for
gain that day without success.
n't understand that woman," said
etaker bitterly on another occa-
She's got chronic bronchitis and
s on potatoes. She's starving her-
there's always a chop or a steak
ething tasty' for Tom—the sel-
te!
it's no good giving her food. She
es it for him. I had to stand
the other morning to make her
cup of beef tea."
ked at Mrs. Groves and she

ist happened I'd made too much
children," she explained, "and
k the little drop that was over
rs. Smith."
caretaker": it's a beautiful word
an think of it in the right way!
oves took care of all who needed
at house.
was one young couple—the hus-
oked little more than a boy and
. perhaps a year or two older,
the stage," or had been.
funds were at their lowest when
arrived, and it was Mrs. Groves
to it that the poor little woman
want even those dainties for
he craved.
aby came and faded—as brief an
as the cherryblossom. And
s the only time Mrs. Groves ever
d money from me. She wanted
ng to put some flowers in the
le fellow's coffin.
arents were broken-hearted and
buy any themselves. I saw to
vers, but Mrs. Groves paid me
r shilling. I had to let her.
went on and the visits of Mr.
grew rarer. So did his letters
caretaker had to go out charing
mornings in addition to her other
Even that did not daunt her.

✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦

she had no money to spare she
go out with a bag full of jam-
a big bundle of newspapers, and
m and give away the proceeds.
ittle chorus girl and her husband
t us and in their place there
nother lodger—a slip of a girl
baby and no husband real or
s. She used to leave her baby
with the caretaker when she went out to look for work in the afternoon.

Sometimes it was dusk before she returned; sometimes, later on when the rent had fallen into arrears, it was much later.

And one day the young mother left the house and never came back at all. She took everything with her except the baby.

✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦✦

The caretaker had tears in her eyes when I saw her with the child in her arms. "It's a girl," she said, "and my two are boys. No . . . I shan't go to the police. I shall keep her, poor little mite. One more mouth and such a little one! What difference can it make? Besides, her mother must have counted on me."

"You are a brave woman," said I, "but what will Mr. Groves have to say about it?"

"I don't know," she whispered, "but he's very good-hearted. Perhaps he won't mind."

It was just at this time that old Mrs. Smith was toiling behind her husband almost for the last time to answer another advertisement.

Tom was very disappointed in her in those days. He couldn't believe that she was really ill. They had obtained and lost a daily post.

The poor old woman had set her apron on fire trying to fry fish with those trembling hands which had been so skilful and were now all but useless. She wasn't badly burned, but the employers were frightened. And they paid her and her husband off the same day.

Tom couldn't forgive her for that carelessness. He told her, brutally, that if she were dead, he would stand a better chance of getting a place by himself. And when he had no money in his pockets to buy tobacco, he went on smoking his wife's tea.

I don't know that he took it; I think she used to give it to him. Tea was her one luxury, almost her one necessity, but she did without it willingly if Tom had an empty pipe.

She caught a bad chill on that last weary walk across London in the rain, and she came back to our house alone.

"It's the first time I've ever failed poor Tom," she confessed. "But maybe he'll get the place without me. There was just a chance for a butler alone."

I never saw Mrs. Smith again. I had to leave London on business that day, and when I came back about a week later Mrs. Groves told me that the old woman was dead.

"She took to her bed the same night," said the caretaker. "And Tom didn't come back until very late. He must have hidden some money away from her. I fetched the doctor and he said he could do nothing. She was worn out, poor old soul, and her heart was very bad.

"'I hope he'll get that place,' she kept saying to me. 'If . . . I'm not here when he comes back . . . Give him my love. Dear Tom, all my love. And there's some food in the cupboard and a few coppers in my purse. I've taken care of him ever since we were married.' Then she seemed to fall asleep, and she never woke again."

"And when Tom came back?" I asked.

"*I* met him," said the caretaker grimly. "He was very cheerful. He said he'd got a place. 'You be quiet,' I told him. 'Your wife's got a place, too; a better one than any she's had with you!' And then I took him in to see her. It was cruel of me, I suppose, but I couldn't forgive him."

A year passed, with Mrs. Groves working harder than ever, keeping her own two children and the little girl. The "husband" had given up calling, and it must have been a long time since she had heard from him.

Then one day she came to me in a great state of suppressed excitement. She showed me a letter from a firm of solicitors. An uncle had died intestate and she was entitled, as next of kin, to a sum of money and some house property. It was not very much, but it would mean enough to live on.

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I congratulated her warmly. "You will be leaving here," I said. "*How* we shall miss you!"

Her eyes filled with tears.

"I've been very happy here, too," she said simply, "especially when Jack used to come to see me more often."

"Have you told him about this?" I asked, trying to keep the indignation out of my voice.

"No," she said, flushing painfully, "I don't know quite where he's gone. It seems a shame, after I and the children have been such a worry to him that I shouldn't be able to ease his mind about us now."

I did not stop in the tall house after Mrs. Groves went away. It didn't seem the same place without her. For there was no caretaker to take care of us any longer.

The "Greatest of These—"

Almost Nothing . .

Betty

DEMURE, five-year-old Betty was the innocent cause of much trouble in her family when she caught measles and was sent to hospital. Her four little brothers and sisters followed her to the hospital with the same complaint.

When three of the kiddies had returned home, their father caught diphtheria, and *he* was taken away.

Before this catastrophe overtook the family, Betty's ex-Service father had been out of work for two years. His unemployment pay has been suspended, and out of the 31s. coming in per week, 17s. goes in rent. Betty's mother, who is a cripple, was ordered away to hospital, suffering from an internal complaint, but she felt she could not leave the children.

"My wife has had a bad time," said her husband; "she doesn't seem herself, and we are all miserable since sickness overtook us. We manage to get a dinner from Friday to Sunday, but at the beginning of the week we have almost nothing. But I am going to stick to my children through thick and thin. My missus," he added, "has always a smile."

In the midst of their trouble the parents received a notice from the hospital of the list of articles of clothing they must provide for two of the children who were due to be discharged. The children's clothes had, of course, been destroyed, and how to replace them was an unsolvable puzzle.

The father of this family was discharged twice from the Army for enlisting under age. "But I went up again," he said, "willing to do my bit as well as anybody else. I think I have roughed it more since I have been out of work than I did in the war."

Our readers can bring good luck to this family to cheer them up if they will be generous and send donations earmarked "Betty," which, as in the case of all donations sent to the fund, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

"*Where are the* Reckitt's Bath Cubes"?

Make your bath a treat and a treatment for beauty

REFRESHING

—AS THE COUNTRY AIR

. . . . Is the exhilarating tang of Euthymol Tooth Paste. Used every morning and evening it keeps the mouth and breath healthy, fragrant and deliciously fresh. You'll like the wholesome, cleansing foam of Euthymol. Laboratory tests show that it kills dental decay germs in 30 seconds. Your chemist sells large 1s. 3d. tubes or a week's sample costs nothing.

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Please send me a week's free sample tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste.

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ADDRESS .....

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

it's a symptom of bad blood and a sign of your neglect

Your dog does not enjoy scratching. He does it to relieve the awful itching which blood impurities set up under his skin.

He cannot get rid of these impurities by perspiring because there are no pores in his skin. He needs help. **He needs a regular weekly conditioning to keep his blood pure.**

Your dog will never scratch himself if you condition him correctly. By giving him Bob Martin's Condition Powders you will remove every impurity from the blood and so keep him safe from all blood disorders, such as **continual scratching, listlessness, sulky temper, loss of appetite, dull and loose coat, eczema and eczema-gout (swellings between the toes).**

The correct way to keep your dog fit is to give him a Bob Martin's Condition Powder three times a day on two successive days in every week.

BOB MARTIN'S
†TASTELESS
CONDITION POWDERS

1/- boxes of 21 powders, 6d. packets of 9

Men will never forget you if you use Icilma Face Powder, for the enchanting smoothness of your skin will linger in their memory like a lovely dream. Icilma clings perfectly all the day, giving your complexion a fragrant softness that is quite irresistible. Get one of Icilma's pretty flowered boxes to-day.

Icilma
Face Powder
For beauty all day long

1/3 1/- 6d.

In five charming shades: Naturelle, Rosée, Crème (Rachel), Brunette, Sun-tan

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS

probed by

PHILIP INMAN

There's disaster writ large on his ledger—the "little man" sees that bad debts are crippling his business

Skeletons *behind the* Counter

WE are indeed a nation of shopkeepers. So much so that it is amazing how many letters reach me containing this sentence—"I am thinking of starting a small business." They show that many of my readers seem to think that running a shop is as simple as shelling peas. All that is needed, in their opinion, is a little capital and no experience. But that is far from being the case, as many a small shopkeeper will testify.

I think it will be helpful, therefore, to describe some of the difficulties that confront the man who has his own business. Take the case of a young fellow who tells me that, with a little money he managed to save, he bought a milk round.

"I worked hard," he writes, "and as a result managed to increase my connection fairly considerably. The profits were not large, and they did not leave much margin for unexpected losses.

"Some of my customers, I know, lived under great hardships. And when they asked me to leave over their accounts I felt sorry for them and agreed to do so. As a result I got into arrears with the people from whom I buy my milk, and now they have threatened to stop supplies unless I can pay regularly in the future.

"But this is my difficulty. If I stop supplying milk to the bad payers, I should not make a living merely from my good customers. I am really disheartened, for all my savings have gone, and I wonder if I should give it up or should fight it. What do you advise?"

☆ ☆ ☆

This young man has made the mistake that has ruined many a small tradesman. He has allowed his heart to run away with his head. It is difficult, I know, to refuse credit to those who are in desperate straits.

But there is a sound maxim which says, "Justice must come before generosity." Unless my correspondent pays his accounts regularly, his supplies will be cut off. He will lose his hard-earned savings, and his customers—good and bad—will have to make their purchases elsewhere. To allow this to happen would be a great pity

My advice to him, therefore, is to make a fight for it. Failure would leave a nasty taste in his mouth and cause him to lose heart for the future. And, after all, there is a great thrill in making a success of an apparent failure.

What he should do is to see all his customers who owe him money, and tell them frankly just how he is placed. Unless they pay their accounts he will have to refuse to supply them with more milk. He can use this argument with them: "If you are unable to pay the smaller amount you owe to-day," he can say, "you are hardly likely to pay the larger debt you are incurring." Those that pay up he can continue to supply. He can also keep on his good customers, and endeavour to secure more like them.

His motto should be—"Civility and prompt, regular service, BUT CASH." Those are the only foundations upon which a business such as his can be run with success.

☆ ☆ ☆

And here are the troubles of another young business man.

"Up to the year 1931," he says, "I was in regular employment as a hairdresser. But then I had an illness, which left me low financially, and when I recovered I found it difficult to obtain another situation. My father, knowing of my plight, generously bought me a hairdressing business of my own, paying £100 for it. He agreed that I should receive £3 per week as wage, and any sum over that should go back to him in repayment of the loan.

"The business was sold to us as a genuine concern, but I have not been able to make a go of it. And recently my father cut down my wage to £2 per week. Even then I am hard put to it to make that amount, and as I have my wife to consider I wonder what is the best thing to do. I almost think it would be wise to try for another situation and sell this business. I should get next to nothing for it, but I should be rid of the responsibility."

Now let us suppose that this correspondent disposes of that business for "next to nothing." He would still owe his father the balance of the loan generously made to him. That would mean he would be saddled with a fairly heavy burden, if he should manage to secure another post. And his livelihood would be mortgaged for a long time.

☆ ☆ ☆

My correspondent says the business was sold as a genuine concern. If he can prove there has been any misrepresentation, he would have a case against the man from whom he purchased it. But Law Court proceedings are never advisable without there is a clear case. Even if my correspondent won such a case there is no guarantee that he would receive any money back. The man he sues may not have it, or he may go bankrupt. And, of course, if my correspondent lost the case he would be involved in further debts.

A question that occurs to me is: Why has this business failed? Is it because of some reason over which this young man has no control? Or is it due to his own fault? Is his shop clean and attractive? Can he offer his customers at least as good service as is obtainable elsewhere?

I think before he decides to give it up, he should first of all satisfy himself that there is no chance of improving it. He might consider taking in other "lines" to supplement his present income. He might add a tobacco department or, if his wife is in a position to assist him, a side line might be introduced in confectionery.

I strongly urge my correspondent not to acknowledge defeat until he has explored every possible channel.

My third problem comes from the owner of a fruiterer's and greengrocer's business. He tells me that his family have lived in the same house and shop for over seventy years, and he has followed in the same trade as his father and grandfather.

"My son," his letter goes on, "is now assisting me, and I hope he will carry on when I am gone. This neighbourhood has grown rapidly during the last few years, and my shop is scarcely big enough to cope with the increasing trade. What is more, my wife complains that the house is old-fashioned—no bathrooms or other conveniences.

"In the next road a row of up-to-date shops have just been built, and both my wife and son are urging me to take one. But I am a bit uncertain about it myself. You see, I am fifty-two years old, and it would mean risking my savings. What is more, I hate the idea of leaving the old home where I was born. The matter is very worrying, and I should be relieved to have your views?"

☆ ☆ ☆

Now there are three reasons which make my correspondent hesitate. The first is sentimental. He does not want to leave his old home. I can quite understand that. The severing of old associations is always painful. Then he feels that he is not so young as he was. He wonders whether now that he has turned fifty he should branch out into a new venture. Lastly, it will mean parting with his savings.

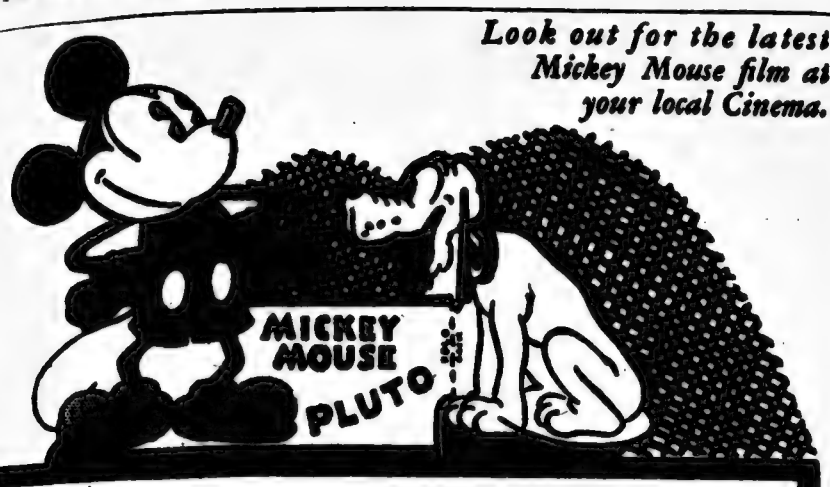
Yes, I can see his point of view all right. But there is his wife and son to consider. They want to move. The wife desires a more modern house: the son may see the folly of remaining in premises which have outgrown their trade.

My correspondent might look at it this way—supposing a new and up-to-date fruiterer takes one of those new shops, it will inevitably take away some of the custom he now enjoys. He certainly is not too old at fifty to take the plunge, and in addition he has his son to help him make the change.

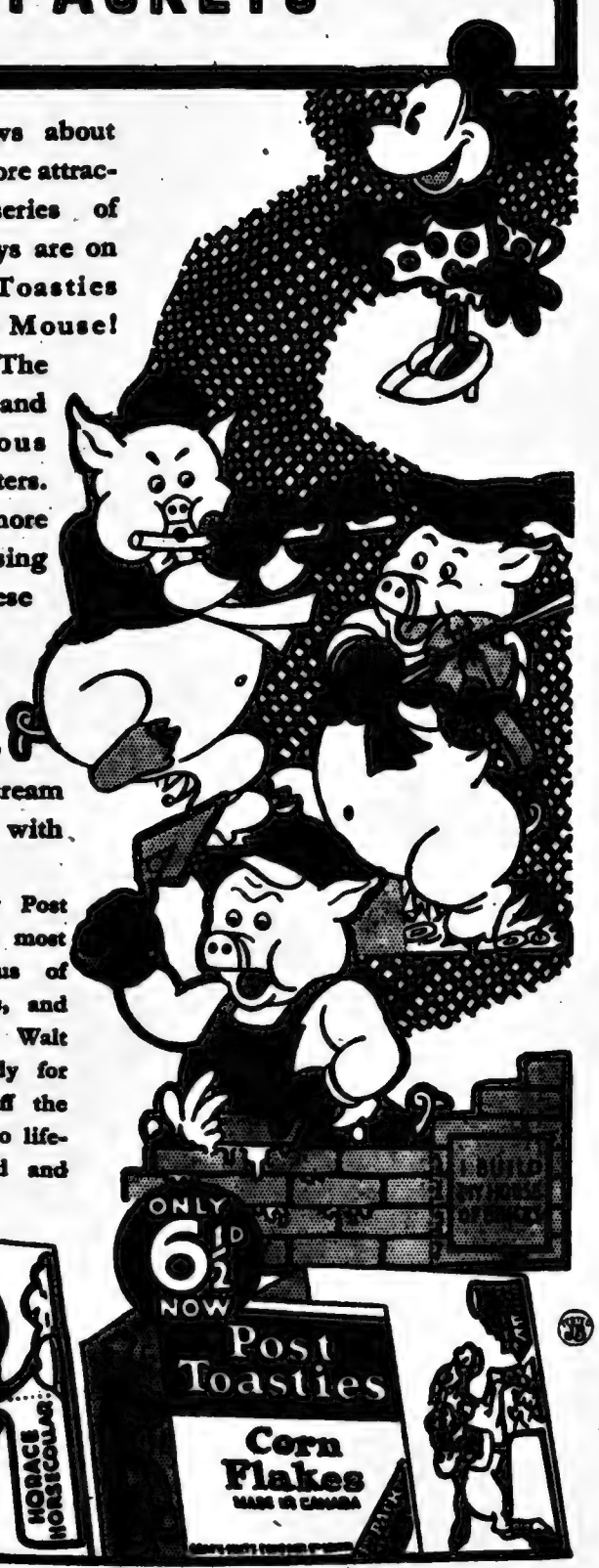
My advice to him, therefore, is—providing, of course, he can dispose of his present premises—to go with the times and in this way keep pace with the demands of the growing neighbourhood.

Send the problem which causes you anxiety to "Humanist." Write to 91, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Look out for the latest Mickey Mouse film at your local Cinema.



MICKEY MOUSE TOYS ON POST TOASTIES PACKETS



Here's red-hot news about Post Toasties! A more attractive-than-ever series of coloured cut-out toys are on the latest Post Toasties packets. Mickey Mouse! Minnie Mouse! The Three Little Pigs—and many other famous Walt Disney characters. There is nothing more deliciously appetising for breakfast these Summer mornings than Post Toasties, those crisp, crackly Corn Flakes. Just *try* them with milk or cream—they're delightful with fresh fruits too!

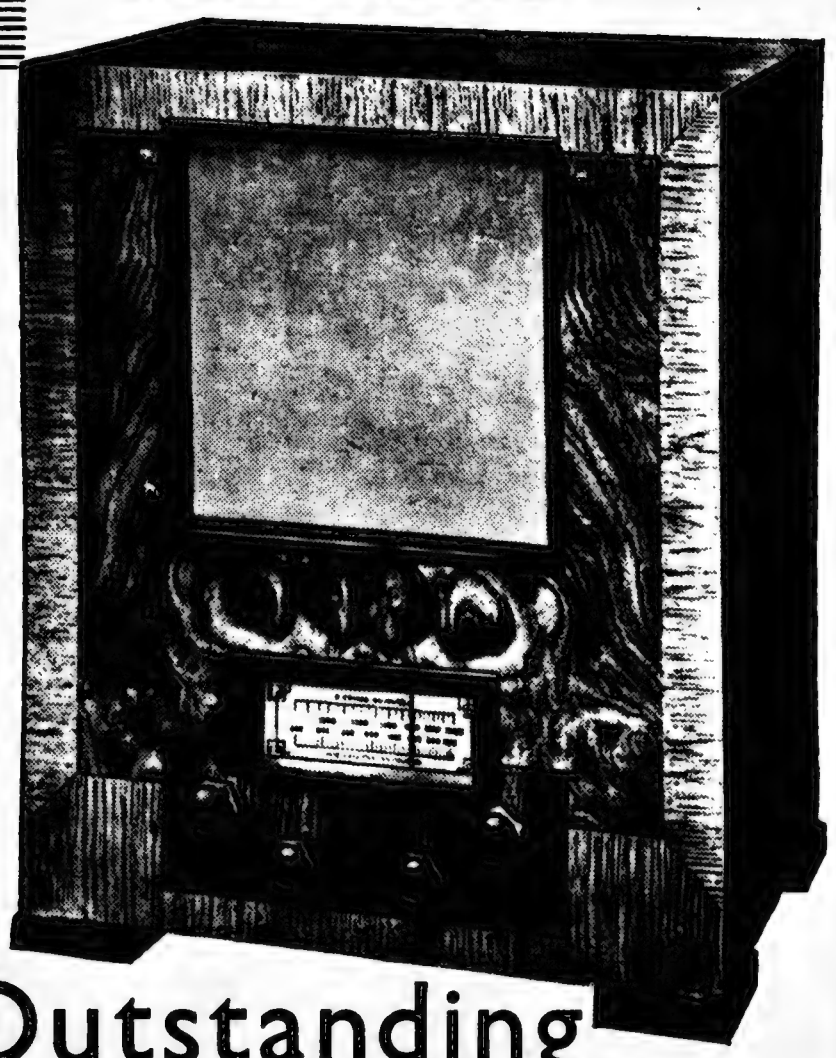
Now, when you buy Post Toasties, you get the most popular and delicious of breakfast Corn Flakes, and the most famous of Walt Disney characters ready for the children to cut off the packets and make into life-like toys. Good food and good fun in one!

By permission of Walt Disney—Mickey Mouse Ltd.

GRAPE-NUTS Co. Ltd., 18 Upper Ground Street, S.E.1 Price does not apply in I.F.S.

440-21

11 GUINEAS



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The famous FOUR-FORTY

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LESS THAN 5/- A WEEK! Think of it! You can have the famous Four-Forty in your own home at once for small monthly payments amounting to less than 5/- a week! Now is the time to change your old radio set! Ask your dealer for a demonstration to-day.

Cash price, A.C., 11 gns.; D.C., 12 gns. Hire Purchase, A.C., £1-10s. down and 18/3 a month for 12 months; D.C., £1-10s. down and £1 a month for 12 months.

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Write for special illustrated leaflet to The Gramophone Company, Limited, 1061, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. (Prices do not apply in I.F.S.)

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Phensic is the modern Pain-Killer. It is *quickest* and safest. There is no need to suffer the torture of *Headaches*, Rheumatism, Neuritis or *Lumbago*. *Phensic* will bring relief in *minutes!* It *never fails* to banish

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In tablets 1/3 & 3/- from all chemists.

FREE SAMPLE. *Send to Phensic Ltd., Dept. J.B.42, 420, Chester Road, Manchester, for free sample.*

Easiest Way To Get Rid Of Unwanted Hair

—Beauty Specialist's Advice

So many women have written to me asking if there is any really safe and reliable method for taking off superfluous hair, that I feel it my duty to tell you about the remarkable discovery of one of our own British Scientists.

But first, let me caution all of you never to use a razor. Shaving makes the hair grow coarse and fast and always leaves an unsightly stubble like that of a man's beard.

Many of you, I know, have found electric treatments very painful, and depilatory pastes and powders evil-smelling. But the discovery I mentioned above, called New Veet, is entirely different. It quickly dissolves the keratin in the hair and hair roots so it simply falls away like magic and washes off with plain water in only 3 minutes. There is no tell-tale stubble because hair is removed *below* the surface of the skin, and regrowth is delayed indefinitely. New Veet is a sweet scented white toilet cream guaranteed 100% pure, and as easy and pleasant to use as a face cream. Look on the label for the words NEW VEET. At all chemists and hairdressers 6d. & 1/6d.

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★ **A FIRST AID BOOKLET**

which should be in Every home! Fill in the coupon in the BAND-AID advt. on p. 30, or write mentioning *John Bull* to Johnson and Johnson (Gt. Britain), Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

An OLD MAN'S TRAGEDY

—and a County's Shame

WE have had to tell many sad stories of harsh treatment meted out by wealthy corporations to employees who have grown grey in their service. But here is a case which, for sheer heartlessness, would be hard to beat.

Stark tragedy has descended upon a picturesque cottage at Old Sodbury, Gloucestershire. Motor-coach parties as they pass see an old man sitting among the flowers in the garden, but they know nothing of the happenings that have left despair in the old man's eyes.

In this cottage, which shelters under a spur of the Cotswold Hills, lives Frederick White, aged seventy, his wife and an adopted daughter.

White has for the past thirty years or so been employed as a roadman by the local Council.

Too old

Four weeks ago, without warning, this grey-haired old man was dismissed from the service of the Council. Not because of any complaints about his work, but because he was too old.

The tragedy of the situation is that Frederick White, the roadman, after his long and faithful service to the Council, has been sacked without pension.

Now he and his wife are faced with the heartbreaking prospect of having to leave the pretty thatched cottage which has been their home for the past fifty years and make the dismal journey over the hill to the poorhouse.

Since White lost his job as roadman, his only source of income is his Old Age Pension, and on this it is impossible to keep the old cottage going.

In a recent Candid Communication we alluded to a speech of Mr. P. A. Morton, J.P., of Iron Acton, Gloucestershire, who mentioned that he had seen one of the saddest sights of his life.

An old and decrepit man, he added, who ought to have been resting, was working on the road, while young men unable to obtain employment were standing idly by.

Mr. Morton advocated pensions for workmen at the age of sixty-five, who, after working for thirty or forty years, he contended were entitled to some measure of comfort and security in their old age.

It so happens that the old man to whom Mr. Morton, J.P., alluded in his speech is none other than Frederick White, of Old Sodbury, whom he had seen at work on the road.

The unfortunate result of this comment on the old man was that the Gloucester County Council decided to sack White.

A disgrace

Mr. P. A. Morton, J.P., who had advocated pensions for old men who had served the Council well and faithfully, is naturally concerned at the sequel to his speech.

"I regret to say that the net result of my remarks is that this old man has been stopped from his work, and no doubt there are many others in a similar position," Mr. Morton tells us.

"This old man is given no pension after his thirty years or so of service to the Council. His only means of support being his Old Age Pension of ten shillings a week. This is in my opinion a disgrace to the Highways Committee of the Gloucester County Council.

"This injustice is made all the more glaring when one realises that highly placed officials of the County retire with generous pensions."

Meanwhile, Frederick White sits in his garden among the gaily coloured flowers, but his thoughts are not gay.

His future prospects are dismal, though he has the company of his wife, who bustles about in the cottage trying to smile hopefully.

"They can't mean to treat us so badly as all this," she says.

To which her husband replies logically, "But they have, old girl."

Those who have worked on the Gloucestershire roads with "old man White," pay tribute to his steady work over more than a quarter of a century.

His foreman has nothing against him.

A few years ago White, while working at his job, injured himself. He did not think of claiming compensation or of making a fuss.

He paid for his own treatment and just went on working.

Years of work out in the open in all weathers has taken toll on the old man's health. There are times when he has been doubled up with rheumatism, but he has seldom been away from his job.

Cast off

Latterly this fine old man made use of a tricycle as a means of getting to his work, and would go pedalling bravely to his job, which was often many miles away.

Now all that is over—the old tricycle is pushed away in a little shed behind the thatched cottage, and the old roadman sits among his flowers in the garden, wondering what will happen next.

In this now saddened household is an adopted daughter, a little girl of thirteen years, whom White and his wife have given a home out of kindness. She will have to leave, that is certain, for how can three people exist on ten shillings a week?

"If only they had given me a few shillings a week pension we could have managed to carry on," says White stoically. "Thirty odd years I've worked for the Council, and nobody ever complained of my work.

"But I have got nothing at all beyond the Old Age Pension, and we can't live on that. It will be a terrible thing if we have to give up this old place."

And this cast-off worker is right.

We can only urge the Gloucestershire County Council to consider his case, without bias, and in the spirit of humanity.

Frederick White has been a good servant for over thirty years, and he has laboured well and faithfully.

Why not reward this old roadman with a small pension which will enable his wife and himself to end their lives in quiet peacefulness in their old cottage?

This is not a matter of sentiment—it is a matter of fair-dealing and common justice.

Frederick White—must he go over the hill?

The Human Machine

MAKE YOUR CHOICE!

WE all know what it is to miss concrete chances, to look back on an actual opportunity that we might have grasped, but which we did not recognise at the time to be an opportunity.

We don't know so easily what it is to miss the sort of chances that mould the character, for these chances are not so obvious. They don't point to any immediate gain.

They don't offer any monetary reward. Yet it is just because we miss so many of them that we find life so difficult.

Character, and that firm decisive will that goes with a well-formed character, is at bottom a constant tendency to act in all the principal emergencies of life with resolution and firmness and promptness.

And we can only acquire it by taking care never to miss a chance to practise it.

"When a resolve or a fine glow of feeling is allowed to evaporate without bearing practical fruit," said a great psychologist, "it is worse than a chance lost: it works so as positively to hinder future resolutions from being promptly and firmly carried out."

Is there any more contemptible or more to be pitied individual than the man who, nerveless and indecisive and afraid, spends his whole life wondering what to do—and never doing anything? That is what happens when chance after chance is lost of translating emotion and feeling into concrete action.

Far better act wrongly now and then, than never act at all! Far better make a wrong decision occasionally than never be able to make up your mind at all!

For all these things are habits, and it is just as easy to acquire a habit of decision as of indecision. It all depends which habit we practise.

Fruit Salad
-how cooling to eat
-how very good with
Shredded Wheat

IT'S a bright idea. It's a refreshing idea. It's everything you want this weather — a cool, delicious meal ready to serve at once without cooking. That's Shredded Wheat with Fruit Salad — light, yet very substantial. In place of heavy foods, it brings you the nourishment of whole sun-ripened wheat in its finest and most easily digestible form. For summer energy and health, have Shredded Wheat with fruit regularly. Plums, Raspberries, Loganberries are in — the rich juices of these fruits blend deliciously with Shredded Wheat. No dish could offer more "palate appeal" or be more eagerly accepted by all the family. Shredded Wheat and fruit is served on request at all good hotels, restaurants and boarding houses. 8d. per pkt. (in U.K.)

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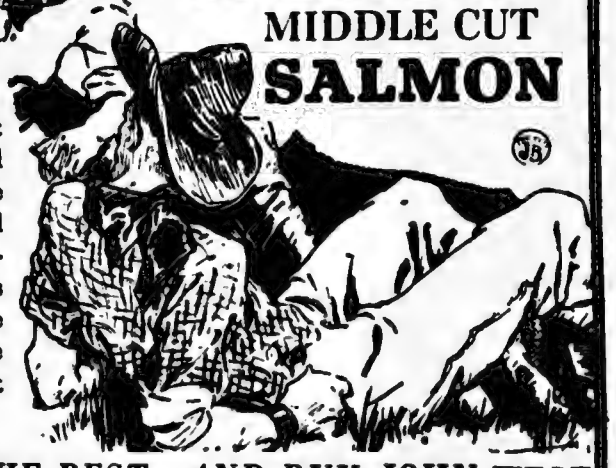
SALMON



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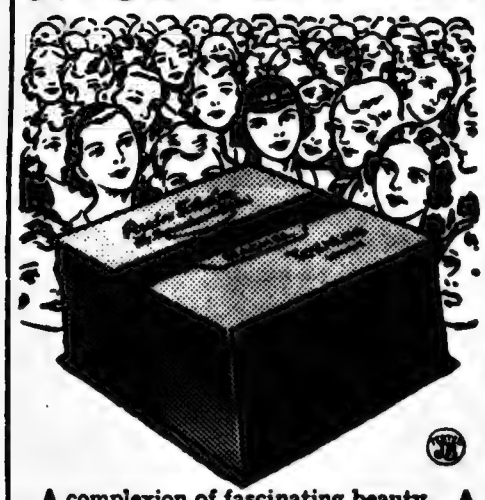

A complexion of fascinating beauty. A smooth 'matt' finish to the skin that lasts all day. A natural loveliness that is not affected by wind and rain or perspiration while dancing. These are guaranteed only by Poudre Tokalon.

The secret is the patent process by which Poudre Tokalon is made. "Mousse of Cream," a marvellous new ingredient is blended with the finest triple silk-sifted powder. Therefore, Poudre Tokalon cannot dry up the natural oils of the skin causing it to become rough and dry like ordinary powders do.

This secret is known to over 5 million regular users of Poudre Tokalon in the British Isles, and many millions more all over the world. Only such an enormous production enables the manufacturers to produce a powder of such superlative quality at the low price of 6d. and 1/- a box. If you are not delighted with results money refunded in full.

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PAPERS
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The SECRET OF *Woolwich Arsenal*

THE most secret, the least known of all Government Departments, is in the news. It is Woolwich Arsenal.

Rumours are crowding thickly that it is to be removed from its present centuries-old site to another in a more remote part of the country, a place less vulnerable from enemy attack "in view of modern air developments."

The War Office is "reviewing" the Arsenal's situation. Questions are being asked in the House of Commons about it. M.P.s from unemployed constituencies in the West and North are pressing the claims of their districts; South Wales has been mentioned, Ayrshire, Gretna and the districts around Carlisle.

But nobody seems to know in the least what is likely to happen. The War Secretary is non-committal. So is every other official who can be even remotely connected with the possible trend of events.

Guarded men

All this atmosphere of mystery and reticence is typical of Woolwich Arsenal. Compared with it and everything connected with it, the Silent Service is simply a collection of reckless gossipers.

Search the British Museum Library, that vast collection of information about everything under the sun, and you will find nothing about the Arsenal. Official records are silent, except for occasional notes by long-dead Woolwich experts about obsolete guns.

Newspaper men are not encouraged at Woolwich. If one succeeds in penetrating its gloomy and closely guarded portals, he may have to sign his name several times on a 400-yard journey to the official he wants to see and be guarded all the way in and out by a warder-like official.

In many respects all this official taciturnity, this forbidding secrecy, seems a pity. For Woolwich Arsenal, this city within a city, has a story packed with endless drama and human interest, and as glorious a tradition as any branch of the Services.

To begin with, the Arsenal was originated by a German. He was Prince Rupert of Bavaria, who in 1667 was commissioned by his cousin, Charles II to fortify Woolwich Warren against the invading Dutch Fleets. Within the next hundred years there was established the Royal Foundry, Gun Factory, Ammunition Factory and Carriage Departments.

Three-mile walks

To-day there are 1,300 acres of the Arsenal behind those heavy walls and closely guarded gates. The messengers at the main gate who take visitors to the various officials sometimes complete a three-mile walk through all its sheds and alleys on a single errand.

There are twelve separate departments, and the chief of each is master in his own house. The Chief Superintendent reigns over the whole domain, but only like a Mayor over a city. Through his office, which is like a Corporation, he runs the Arsenal police, fire brigades, roads, transport, water, power and light supplies.

He pays the bills, hires labour for all departments, looks after safety and secrecy, and is go-between in all matters between the Services and the Arsenal.

If "X" Battery, "X" Brigade of the R.F.A., have a complaint about a breech-block supplied to them, and which was made in the Arsenal, the Chief Superintendent receives the complaint and passes it on to the chief of the department who made the breech-block. But that department is "boss" in the matter. The Chief Superintendent can do nothing; he can only pass back the reply of that department.

An official photograph taken during the war of a woman worker in Woolwich Arsenal

Super-organised

Woolwich Arsenal is a nucleus of the entire country at war. Its many departments to-day carry out work on every phase of war equipment, work which is done in time of war by hundreds or thousands of separate factories.

The full list of the separate jobs now going on is astonishing and formidable. To quote only a few: The Royal Gun and Carriage factories make guns, tanks, dragons and gun equipment. The Ammunition and Filling factories make shells, bombs, cartridges, warheads, fuses, primers, detonators and bursters.

In addition, the ordnance factories develop experimental designs in order that subsequent manufacture can be placed on a production basis; act as nucleus for expansion in time of war; act as a check on prices charged by armament firms.

Beyond these departments are numerous others, inspecting, storing and issuing armaments for Navy and Army.

There are other departments which supply the answer to every question relating to war. The Arsenal Committee answers questions on mechanical fighting and transport, artillery equipment—advises on ordnance, propellants, ammunition for given purposes.

And, finally, there are huge laboratories where research is constantly proceeding on explosives, radiology, metals, ballistites.

That, in bare outline, is the technical side of Woolwich Arsenal, a colossal and smoothly working machine that can give points and a beating to the most super-organised industry of peace.

How well it is run can be gathered from the fact that, in spite of its daily dealings with terrific explosives and instruments of death, the last explosion there was as long ago as 1883, when some war rockets detonated. In 200 years fewer than a dozen men have been killed. It is the safest factory in Britain.

On the human side, there are 13,000 people employed in the Arsenal, of whom 7,700 are highly skilled artisans. During the war it found jobs for more than 100,000.

On the Arsenal's wage-bill depends the thousands of shopkeepers and landlords in Woolwich. If the Arsenal goes elsewhere Woolwich would become a deserted suburb. To work in the Arsenal has always bestowed a cachet on the skilled worker. It has always meant security of pay and job and future. Certain grades are pensionable and the remainder usually get a substantial gratuity on retirement.

Museum of war

There are "Arsenal families," just as there are "Army families." Certain jobs have been handed down from father to son, and there are shop foremen who have borne the same name for many generations.

The Arsenal yards are, too, a museum of war. A long, sleek naval gun, colossal power in every line of its stripped strength, rears its muzzle across the inspection yard to the walls, where cheek by jowl are lying strange, ancient cannon fashioned for Britain's old wars.

And there are trophies elaborately chased and filigreed, from historic battles like those of Seringapatam, Lucknow, Trafalgar, Corunna, Sebastopol.

Over against the wall is the grandfather of all large calibre guns, which still outdoes them all, the 36-inch mortar designed by Mallet for the Crimean War, and just completed when that war ended.

And in a shed, lumped together on a shelf, are two round lumps of metal, their roundness flattened here and there, as though they have had pieces shaved off. And so they have. It is from these two lumps of bronze that V.C.s are made.

They are the cascables, the knobbed ends of two Russian cannon captured in the Crimean War. When V.C.s are wanted one of these lumps is taken from the shed to a shearing machine and a slice shaved off and sent to the Royal Mint.

There is still plenty of the metal left, enough for many V.C.s and many wars, lying on its shelf until it is wanted again.

Let us hope that will be a long time yet.

SIDE-SLIPS

2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

THE ILLUSTRATED LEICESTER CHRONICLE:—"Her keen eyes detected one of the bricklayers halving the bricks with his TOWEL."

FAMILY JOURNAL:—"Somebody BAD brought a gramophone."

HERALD AND EXPRESS, TORQUAY:—"The feet of HOUSE lay rolled up and idle."

KINGSBRIDGE GAZETTE:—"She suffered severe cuts ABOVE the head and face."

NEWSAGENT-BOOKSELLER'S REVIEW:—"... and no doubt will bring their big GUNS to bear on the Government to protect their profits."

SOUTH WALES ECHO AND EXPRESS:—"Youths from a nearby billiard BALLOON joined in the paper chase."

BUCKS FREE PRESS:—"In these cases hoeing must be supplemented by a mulch of manure, leaves or GLASS-clippings."

WHO SAYS *Kellogg's?*

WHY—every member of the family

The only time a plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes is pushed away is when it is empty. Watch children tuck into these crunchy flakes — absorbing to the full the nourishment of sun-ripened corn and easily digesting such crisp lightness. For breakfast, lunch or supper.

Kellogg's solve a hot weather problem for both the children *and* you. No cooking — serve straight from packet with cold milk or cream, with honey or fresh fruit added. There are ten servings in each packet.

Kellogg's **CORN FLAKES**

Made by KELLOGG *in* LONDON, CANADA

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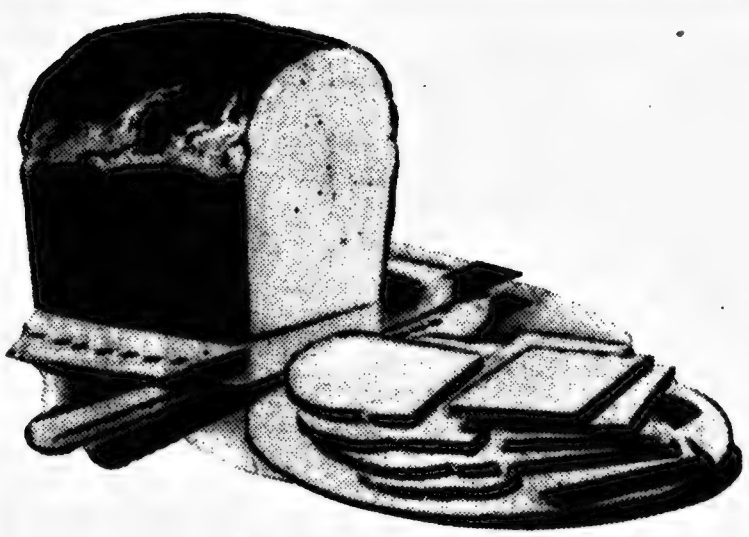

You get more nourishment from a slice of BREAD than from any other food at an equal cost. Think of this at meal-times—particularly at breakfast. Toasted, BREAD is as delicious as any cooked cereal—and *much cheaper*. It tastes good, does you good and saves you money.

Eat an *extra* slice of

bread

at every meal

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C.F.H. 103

When work is done

Over his pint of beer in the evening the average man puts away the cares of the day; restores his toil-spent energy; revives his flagging spirit. Having your talk out in your inn, then, you're actually making good a hard day's wear and tear.

beer is best

MALT • HOPS • SUGAR • YEAST

20 YEARS OF INDIGESTION CURED AT ONCE

Just imagine twenty years of painful indigestion; 20 years of sleeplessness; of frequent sickness and semi-starvation.

Imagine the misery of it and imagine the relief of being completely cured by a short course of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Yet this is the actual experience of Mrs. S . . . of Lower Road, Ecton.

Here is her own letter: "I would like to tell you of the wonderful relief I have felt since taking Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. For 20 years or more I have had indigestion and pains round the heart. I never knew what it was to go to bed and sleep before the small hours of the morning and often had violent sickness. Now thanks to your wonderful Maclean Brand Stomach Powder I can sleep and eat foods which I never dared before. I feel a different woman altogether. I cannot be grateful enough for the benefit I have received from it."

Follow this lady's example but be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

WITHOUT PURGATIVES OR CALOMEL

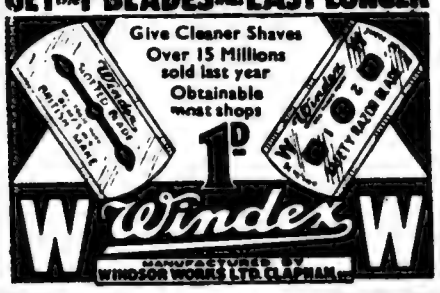
and you'll jump out of bed in the morning ready for anything

If you feel sour and weary and the world looks dreary, don't swallow a lot of salts, liquid paraffin, palatable laxatives or harsh purgatives and expect them to make you feel fresh and buoyant and full of sunshine.

They can't do it. They only move the bowels and that doesn't get at the cause — your liver. Your liver's chief job is to send two pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Your stomach is filled with gas. You have a thick, bad taste in your mouth. Your breath is foul and skin blemishes often break out. You get headaches and feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those famous, sure acting, CARTERS BRAND LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing for making the bile flow freely. But don't let them give you just any liver pills. Stand out for Carters Pills, the famous, sure-health kind. Look for the name Carters on the package. At all chemists, 1/3 and 3/-.

GET the 1D BLADES that LAST LONGER



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Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up at nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the Shadforth "Bladder Comforter." Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 285
Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 12/- (300).

HEART TROUBLE

PRESCRIPTION THAT WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic No. 632 (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops that falling to pieces feeling.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription Tonic No. 632
Prices: 1/6 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 12/- (432).

Privately packed and post free at these prices from:—

SHADFORTH
PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.
Dispensing Chemists
(Dept J.B.14), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

SIX HUMBLE MARTYRS

HOMAGE to THEM at TOLPUDDLE

IF the shades of six humble farm labourers, who have been dead this sixty years or more could return during the next week to their Dorset hamlet of Tolpuddle, they would be even more surprised than the present residents at the world prominence "our village" has attained.

Five ex-Cabinet Ministers, talking almost reverentially of the village in its own streets. Visitors from twenty different countries come to pay it special homage. Bands, pageantry and carnival processions, and sports which have attracted competitors from distant countries. What could it all mean?

A natural desire to find out would set the six seeking the places they used to know best. They would see hundreds of heads bowed in prayer round an old cottage.

"Why, it's *my* old home," one of the six would gasp.

Their names . . .

They would see an unveiling at a lowly little grave in the churchyard, and five of them would look wonderingly at the sixth, because they would see his name figuring on it.

And how nervous they would be for the safety of the people they would find holding a public meeting under a massive old tree on the village green. For they once held a meeting there, and they were tortured, starved, and sentenced to seven years' transportation to the hell-hole of Botany Bay in consequence.

They would reflect that times must have changed, when they saw the magistrates present make no effort to interfere, and the police, indeed, taking as big an interest as anybody in the proceedings. They would listen themselves, in order to ascertain the reason.

And then they would get their biggest surprise of all. For they would hear a "big man from London," by name Arthur Henderson, thank God for such men as George Loveless, James Loveless, James Brine, Thomas Stanfield, John Stanfield and James Hammett, who have made such meetings as that at Tolpuddle possible.

Six names — *their* names.

Now they would know what it all meant.

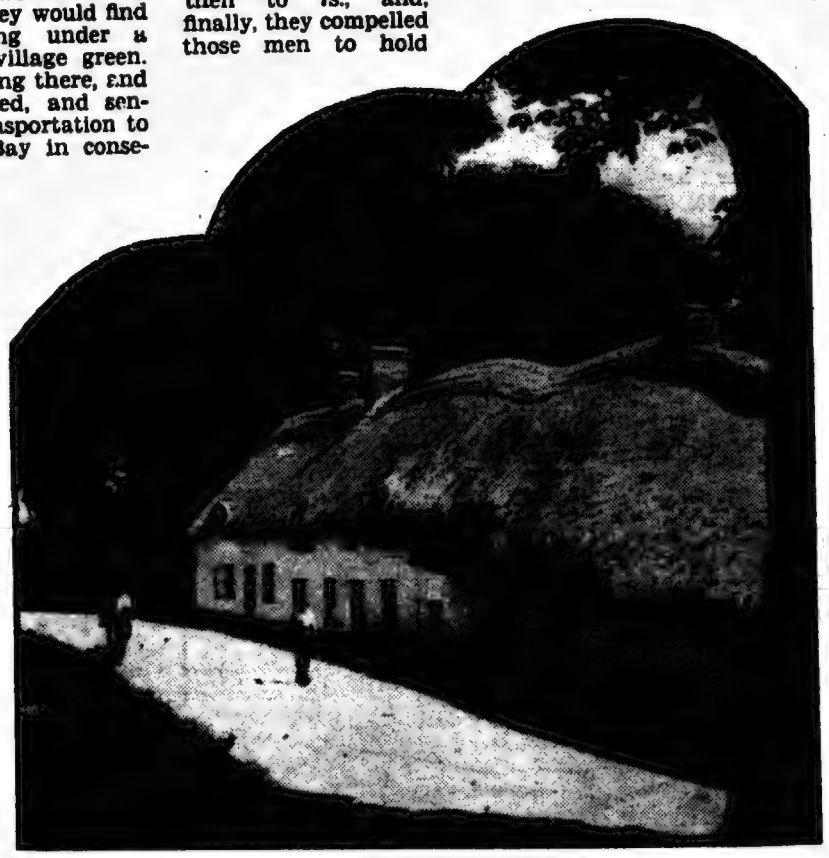
And we know, from the example of their lives after suffering in silence one of the cruellest sentences ever passed on honest British working men for their convictions, that if they were tempted to shout out anything it would be to declare that they had never done anything important, that they were only God-fearing farm labourers, and that all through their lives they had only acted according to their lights.

Now—and then

It was just a hundred years ago that these simple-hearted souls were made to suffer for trying to organise agricultural labourers in an attempt to better their conditions. From August 27 till the end of next week the centenary celebrations at Tolpuddle and the nearest market town, Dorchester (organised by the T.U.C.), are being held in honour of these six martyrs.

Sir Ernest Debenham, once a director of Lloyds Bank, and now regarded as "the gentleman up at the big house" to the people of neighbouring Briantspuddle, is going to speak under the big tree of these martyrs who never dreamed such a title would become theirs. What a change from the days when the local gentry, squire and vicar included, thought that even the death penalty wouldn't be too much for working men who had dared to show dissatisfaction with their conditions.

All the prominent local farmers are going to take part. What a still better evidence of the change of spirit of the countryside, seeing that those six men of Tolpuddle did but ask that their wages should be raised from 9s. a week to the then county rate of 10s., and that the farmers replied by reducing their wages, first to 8s., then to 7s., and, finally, they compelled those men to hold their historic meeting under the Tolpuddle tree by talking of still further reducing them to 6s.



The little Dorset village of Tolpuddle as the six martyrs would see it if they could come back

There will be no digging up of the dead past in any spirit of recrimination at the celebration proceedings. That is as the martyrs would have wished it. They were simple, kindly folk.

For instance, there will be the fine, inspiring, Christian oration by George Lansbury at Hammett's grave. Hammett later became a bricklayer, and the tribute of building workers of to-day will not be paid with harsh words, but in a monument which they have lovingly hewn out of Dorset granite with their own strong hands and themselves erected to his memory.

There will be a tablet affixed to the cottage of the two Stanfields, and Arthur Henderson, who will carry out the unveiling, will urge the need for peace among all men, and not the setting of class against class.

And the central memorial to the six men—that will not be to perpetuate the antagonism that existed in the past. Just six simple cottages, each bearing a martyr's name, and built to be occupied by aged farm workers to whom the land has not given security for their old age. They will have electric ovens, hot towel rails, radiators, constant hot water, tiled bathrooms, vita-glass windows, and a library. What better monument to their sufferings could the six martyrs have desired?

Foreign workers are coming to the celebrations. To demonstrate? Oh, no. It wouldn't be in the spirit of the occasion.

All the way from Palestine six working men have come to take part in the sports on Saturday. They will figure in the long-distance cycle race that will begin at 6 a.m., so much has to be crowded into the day. One man, lacking the fare, cycled the whole distance.

And all the way from Czecho-Slovakia a team of working girls has come—to give a display of gymnastics! From France, Switzerland, Belgium and other countries, too, working-class athletes have arrived to pay their tribute.

There will be a pageant in which hundreds of people from all over the district will take part. And it will not end on the note of the six men suffering unendurable misery in far-away Australia, but go on and on to the present day to show the better spirit they have helped to bring about.

And a commemorative play every night for ten days in Dorchester Corn Exchange. Not a destructive but a constructive play. A working railwayman, Mr. H. Brooks, has helped to write it, collaborating with Mr. Miles Malleson, and seventy members of working-class drama leagues will act it.

They suffered

It needed such men as the Tolpuddle Martyrs to give working men the leisure in which to act and write.

Not even outside Dorchester's County Hall, where the men were imprisoned in a stone dungeon with only a mere slit of window, half asphyxiated by the choking fumes from a green-wood fire, where a judge mumbled their written explanation so that the jury couldn't hear it, and from whence they were taken in manacles to the prison-ship on which men were flogged on the bare back for an hour at a time, will a hard word be spoken.

In fact the harshest note of the proceedings that will enter that dungeon will be the blare of the working men's bands from all over Britain taking part in the celebration band contest.

They suffered, those martyrs, as not even the worst Gradgrind in the land would have had them suffer to-day. They and their families had to pay the price for modern enlightenment. But they never thought any worse of those who made them suffer than that their minds were in darkness, and that one day the light would come.

Even after they returned from transportation they only aimed at forgetting. They went out to Canada, and pledged themselves each to the other never to refer to their hardships again. And so well did they obey their oath that until a few years ago few of their children and grandchildren knew there were such people as the Tolpuddle Martyrs—still less that they were their forebears.

Such quiet heroic souls will the Tolpuddle centenary celebrations commemorate. And in the right way.

THE WINNING OUNCE of FRESHNESS

BONDMAN TOBACCO is always fresh . . . and freshness, as in sport, is just the difference between success and failure. All that goes to make a really fine full-flavoured tobacco goes for naught if you buy your tobacco stale. Insist on **Bondman** for every ounce is scientifically packed in a Vacuum Tin for lasting fragrance, smoothness and dependability.

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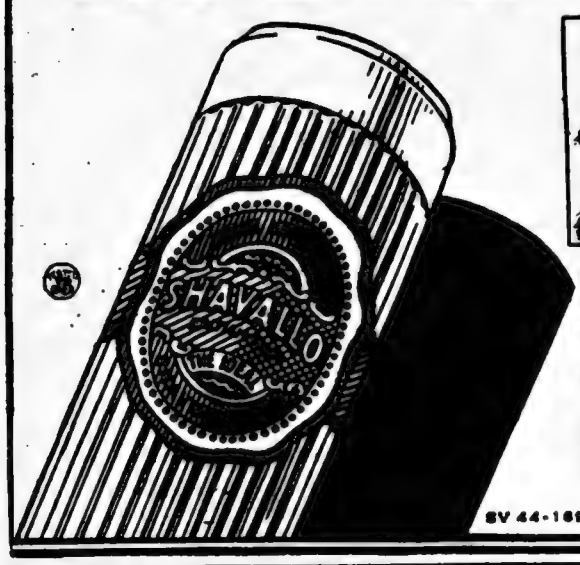
FOR A SWIFT, SMOOTH SHAVE



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Cream—large tube 1/3

SV 44-169-55 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, E.16

£900 Won in Crossword Competition No. 271.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following three competitors, who share the £180 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £316 12s. 4d. will be sent.

Mrs. J. Cross, 12, Balsam Park, Wincanton, Somerset.
E. Fidgen, 42, Ragwyne Gardens, Upminster.
E. Loeder, 4, Broomhill Gardens, Fenham, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, September 11, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £180 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 81 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £2 12s. 10d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 269.—Fifty-one competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered, and payments of £1 19s. 3d. have been despatched.

An Amazing New 7-word Radio Offer, with a first prize of a Life Pension of £3 a week and £250 Cash, or an increased lump sum of £350, a unique offer of a £10 15s. "Cossor" Radio Set to every winner of £2 or over and £200 to be divided between Runners-up appears on Page 32. Try your skill now!

Help Kidneys

If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting Itching or Acidity, try the Guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) Treatment. Must cure or money back. At Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and all chemists

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THE BIG TWO

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RACING—Back your fancy now for the ST. LEGER. Long Odds prices on request. Daily commissions, 1/- up to any amount in accordance with rules, and bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price or Tote Odds as desired. Registered Letters must be posted overnight.

USE THIS FORM

Please send your Football Annual and particulars of £1,000 Free Competition. I am over 21 years.

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OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

The Hour I Fear Most

WHEN age has bent my shoulders and turned my hair grey; when my movements are slow and my grip on life is very feeble; when my eyesight grows dim and I can no longer see the things in this world in the right angle.

When sons and daughters will have no use for me and call me a dothery old man; when I am of no further use in this world either as a worker or as an ornament—

That is the hour I fear most.—*G. F., Carlisle.*

The Message

Between 2.30 and 3.30 p.m., when I've finished my day's work underground, and am waiting my turn to be taken in the cage to the pit top. . . .

Strange, you may think, fearing the *end* of a day's work.

But not so when you realise it is then that I may hear from the next shift-men coming down the pit the disheartening message I have heard on an average three days out of every week for the past four years—"No work to-morrow."—*Miner, Maerdy.*

Night Tempts

I am a night nurse in a large hospital, and sometimes the longing for sleep at the hours between 2 and 3 a.m. is almost overwhelming.

Patients need constant attention at this time, when their vitality is at its lowest ebb, and I have watched many a grim struggle for life in this early hour.

I love my work, but that hour before the dawn is the most difficult and most feared part of my "day."—*Nurse, Warwickshire.*

Stop That Clock!

Zero!

Just picture the world as a clock, with armaments acting as the fingers, the human brain the works and intolerance the key.

The key has been turned, the works are functioning, and the fingers are definitely approaching that hour when war will again break out.

In very truth Christianity's Zero!—*Ex-Serviceman, Warrington.*

The Telling

When I was eighteen, I was betrayed and deserted by a married man. My baby daughter brought a new joy to my heart, and with her I started life afresh.

She is now fifteen, and thinks I am a widow. I have decided to tell her the truth next year. Will her youth and inexperience of life make her intolerant, and turn her love to loathing?

I live in fear of the hour when I may hear myself condemned by the only creature on earth I love.—*L. G., Oxley.*

Doubts

I am a materialist. True to my tenets, I live in this world usually entertaining no doubts of the impossibility of a hereafter.

But whenever I meet with a Christian's explicit faith in the existence of a God and an ultimate day of reckoning, a recurrent doubt assails me.

My most dreaded hour is death. Then may I find there is another world in which my deeds on this earth will be weighed in the balance, and I shall be found very much wanting.—"*Doubting Thomas,*" *Kent.*

Back To Earth

There is a loud, penetrating noise, and your whole nerves are jarred. Slowly the message is conveyed . . . green fields, delightful company, and God's good fresh air. But still the alarm clocks ring unmercifully, and it is 8 o'clock on Monday morning. Back to the office again!—"*Tired,*" *L'Andovery.*

Little Man, What Then?

I have a brother, whose age is thirteen. He is clever, fond of study, and wants, above all, to be a chemist. We have not the money to educate him.

In a year he will leave school. Hundreds of thousands of his fellows will do likewise, and there will be a dreadful struggle for the jobs—too few—that are to be had.

That is the hour I fear most. I fear to see the boy lose hope, to lose ambition, to realise, perhaps, that Society has no use for him. I am afraid he may become one of the unemployed army.—"*Typist,*" *New Malden.*

Waiting

Would that I had her courage! The great event is very near now, and she is singing at her work.

I am possessed of a thousand fears. She is so precious to me, that I cannot bear to think of her life being for a moment in jeopardy. She tries to laugh away these moods, but, as if to belie her words, clings to me like a frightened child.

I will steel myself to be brave and play a man's part, but until I see the doctor's reassuring smile, I shall not be happy.—*S. A., Southampton.*

Deserted Nest

Mumps, measles and little melody—rearing six on slender shillings has been no picnic; often I've wished for surcease from the toil, worry, responsibility of the brood.

Now that four have left the nest, I look on the remaining two, and mentally try to postpone the day when they, also, will flit.

When that happens—I'll have time to nod, but how I'll miss the noise, laughter, the "Hullo, mother!" every morning.

It'll be lonely then, the hour I fear most—*Mrs. M., Sunderland.*

Short Hour, Maybe

Possessing a huge physique, I often flaunted my imaginary prowess as a pugilist to many of my pals. This culminated in an invitation to compete in a local boxing tournament, and this I foolishly accepted.

I have since regretted my vanity, as I am drawn against a brute of a fellow who is notorious for the way he smashes up his opponents. . . . —"*Scared Stiff,*" *Blackburn.*

Shadows

The hour before the dawn! Why? Because the "ghosts" rise then—memories of happier days, of friends who have passed over, of scenes one cannot revisit, of hopes unfulfilled.

If it be true that "there are times and seasons" for everything under the sun, it seems to me that this hour is the time when the things that were, and the things that might have been, assemble to cast a shadow over souls in slumber.—*D. G., Westminster.*

* * *

When after the holidays I return to school, and, having failed in my examination, face the headmistress who had so much faith in me.—*Schoolgirl, Carlisle.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on September 1

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Grimsby v. PORTSMOUTH.
(2) CHELSEA v. Leicester.
(3) Wolverhampton v. Sunderland.
(4) ARSENAL v. Liverpool.
(5) ASTON VILLA v. Derby.
(6) Blackburn v. Leeds.
(7) Everton v. Preston.
(8) HUDDERSFIELD v. Hotspur.
(9) MANCHESTER C. v. Wednesday.
(10) MIDDLESBROUGH v. W.B. Albion.
**(11) STOKE v. Birmingham.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) West Ham v. Forest.
(2) Barnsley v. Port Vale.
*(3) NEWCASTLE v. Brentford.
(4) PLYMOUTH v. Bradford.
(5) BLACKPOOL v. Hull.
(6) BOLTON v. Bury.
(7) BRADFORD C. v. Swansea.
(8) Norwich v. Fulham.
(9) NOTTS COUNTY v. Burnley.
*(10) SHEFFIELD U. v. Manchester U.
*(11) SOUTHAMPTON v. Oldham.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) NORTHAMPTON v. Orient.
(2) Boscombe v. Coventry.
**(3) READING v. Gillingham.
(4) Watford v. Millwall.
(5) BRISTOL R. v. Luton.
(6) CHARLTON v. Brighton.
*(7) C. PALACE v. Cardiff.
(8) Newport v. BRISTOL C.
**(9) Q.P. RANGERS v. Aldershot.
(10) SOUTHEND v. Exeter.
(11) TORQUAY v. Swindon.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) MANSFIELD v. Rotherham.
(2) SOUTHPORT v. Gateshead.
**(3) CHESTERFIELD v. Walsall.
(4) BARROW v. Halifax.
(5) CARLISLE v. Wrexham.
(6) CHESTER v. Accrington.
(7) Doncaster v. STOCKPORT.
(8) York v. Lincoln.
(9) HARTLEPOOLS v. Crewe.
(10) N. BRIGHTON v. Darlington.
(11) Rochdale v. TRANMERE.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) KILMARNOCK v. Ayr.
(2) QUEEN OF SOUTH v. St. Mirren.
*(3) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Hibernian.
**(4) ABERDEEN v. Dunfermline.
(5) Albion Rovers v. MOTHERWELL.
(6) Clyde v. Falkirk.
(7) HAMILTON v. Airdrie.
(8) HEARTS v. Dundee.
(9) Queen's Park v. CELTIC.
**(10) RANGERS v. Partick.

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code:—Div. I.—11 (*H*); Div. II.—3 (*H*); Southern Section—8 (*A*); Northern Section—3 (*H*); Scottish League—4 (*H*) would indicate Stoke, Newcastle, Bristol City, Chesterfield and Aberdeen.

On Mondays the *Sporting Life* publishes a list of the dividends declared by the prominent Football Pool firms, enabling you to start the week knowing exactly how you stand. There are forecasts for the following Saturday's games, too.

And every Thursday comes an invaluable aid for punters—the great *Sporting Life* Pool Chart, giving at a glance in handy tabloid form matches played, results, points, form and the predictions of experts.

A specimen of this wonderful chart awaits you. Write for your copy to *Sporting Life* (Dept. J.B.), 63, Long Acre, W.C.2.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, September 4.

When I Suffered in Silence

EVEN FROM BIRTH

Baby will thrive "on the bottle" provided that the danger of cow's milk causing an indigestible clot in the infant's stomach is avoided by modifying the milk with

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"PATENT"

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● "My Book"—a complete guide to infant feeding—will be sent to you post free if you send a postcard to KEEN, ROBINSON & CO., LTD., Dept. HM-121, Carrow Works, Norwich.

CVS—32

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Special to "John Bull" readers this week. Send the guaranteed Contents:—

1 Heavy Yorkshire White Rabbit Blanket, full size, 90 in. x 60 in.
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1 Yorkshire White Rabbit Blanket, soft, warm, and durable, 53 in. x 70 in.
1 Splendid Alhambra or Honeycomb Quilt, full size, 90 in. x 70 in. (White or Coloured).
1 White Damask Tablecloth, 63 x 63 in. with newest style coloured borders gold, blue and pink.
1 Beautiful Bedspread, Blue, Coloured, Cream, etc., on Taupe grounds, new colours. Centre design edged with Art. Silk Embroidery, size 90 in. x 90 in.
2 Coloured Striped Turkish Towels, absorbent loop pile, 20 in. x 44 in.
1 Fancy Coloured Table Cover, size 36 in. x 36 in., new designs, Rose, Crimson, Gold, etc.
1 Elegant Embossed Electro Cake or Fruit Dish, size 11½ in.
1 Lady's Fullsize Overall or Blouse.

20/-

BALE COMPLETE Carriage Paid 20/-

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SPECIAL OFFER—2 Carpets and 2 Rugs 19/- Carriage paid.

This PERSONAL OFFER is made to readers of "John Bull." On receipt of a P.O. for 5s. Carr. 1s. extra, we will forward, direct from our Looms to your address, one of our "PRUDENTIAL" Real Seamless Woven BRUSSELETTE CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc. Handsomely bordered in new Turkey and artistic patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues Browns, Rose, and mingled Colourings to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials Received. With every carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome rug to match. Every reader of "John Bull" is invited to send for our New Illustrated Bargain Sale Catalogue of Carpets, with Rugs to match (Axminster, Wilton, Brussels, Ideal and Brusselette) in all sizes; also Yorkshire and Witney Blankets, Down Quilts, Bed Sheets, Table Linens, Towels, Bedding, etc., at the lowest warehouse prices, free by return of post.

BRITISH CARPETS for BRITISH HOMES! Direct from the Looms!

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MR. A. FLOAT WRITES:—

"Give me a pipe of Digger, a pair of water wings, and the other fellows can do the swimming."

PLAYER'S DIGGER 8D MIXTURE PER OZ

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

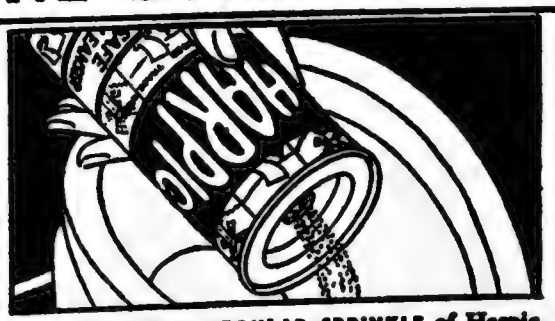
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

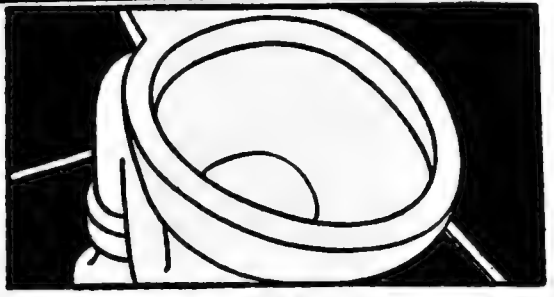
ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

"I DON'T MIND ANYONE SEEING THE LAVATORY NOW...."

"DON'T DO THIS—however much scrubbing you do, the brush *can't reach the bend in the pipe* as Harpic does, so it can't possibly clean the lavatory-pan properly."



"NOW JUST THIS REGULAR SPRINKLE of Harpic leaves the lavatory-pan spotlessly clean, and *removes the cause* of odours — safely, without dangerous acids or unpleasant work."



"HARPIC KILLS THE GERMS by its strong and safe disinfectant action, and does all that is necessary for the care of the lavatory-pan with scarcely a hand's turn of work on your part."

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£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £250 AND

or INCREASED LUMP SUM OF £850

£200 FINE SUM BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

BONUS AWARD VALUE £2 X-WORD SEASON FOR RUNNERS-UP SUBMITTING 2 COUPONS IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

GREAT NEW RADIO BONUS OFFER

SUPERB "COSSOR" **£10. 15s. RADIO** added to each prize of £5 or over in this Contest. All Mains or Battery model can be supplied.

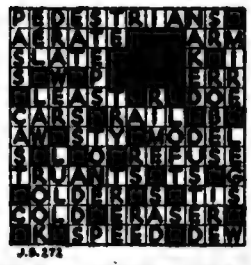
THERE is another bright puzzle from our famous Compiler on this page. At this very moment our eighteenth Life Pensioner may be reading these lines and picturing the endless benefits of capturing a weekly Pension of £2, added to the handsome sum of £250 in cash. Yes, the eighteenth winner of a lifelong Crossword income may well be you!

But this is not only a Pension Crossword—it is a Radio Crossword also. A luxurious All-mains £10 15s. "Cossor" Radio will be added to the prize of every entrant in this Contest who wins £5 or more, and no finer wireless opportunity than that has ever been seen in any Crossword Contest.

Runners-up will benefit by the increased amount of £200, which all will share. And Crossword Season Tickets, each providing 80 Free Entries in our Contest, are also to be distributed as announced above.

Tackle the puzzle this evening. It will certainly give you an entertaining hour. And provided your entry is in by noon, Thursday, September 6, it may bring you one of our thrilling First Prize telegrams on the following Thursday.

"JOHN BULL" will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week and £250 (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An increased amount of £200 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 80 Free entries to our Crossword contest will be awarded to every Runner-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. To the winner of any cash prize of £5 or over, a "Cossor" Radio Set, value £10 15s., will be sent. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, Sept. 13, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, Sept. 20.



J.B. 272

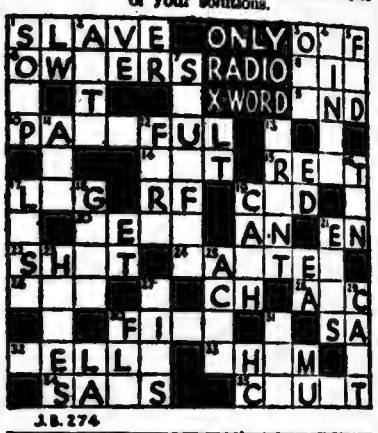
Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 272.

Winners in 271 on page 29. Result of 272 will be published next week.

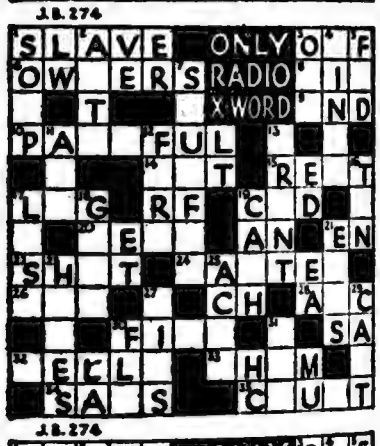
The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 272 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-Word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-Word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.

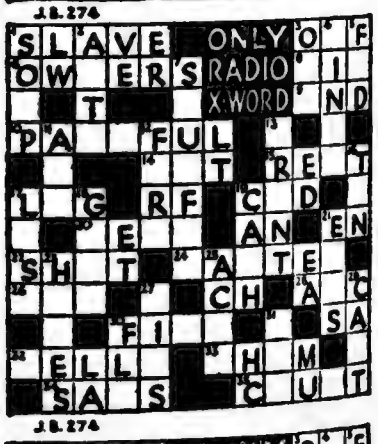
These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



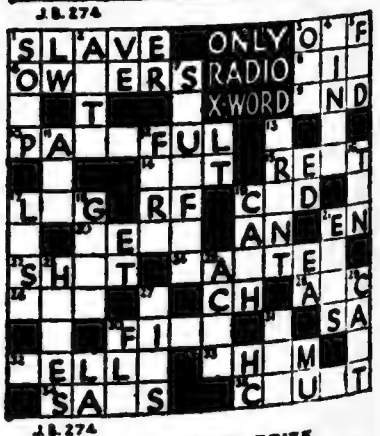
J.B. 274



J.B. 274



J.B. 274



J.B. 274

Win an Income for Life and Big Cheque with Squares below!

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 274—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, SEPT. 6, 1934

J.B. 274

J.B. 274

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.....No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 274—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, SEPT. 6, 1934

J.B. 274

J.B. 274

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.....No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 274, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. He has to work hard for a living
3. Opposite of "on"
6. They possess something
8. Cease to live
9. Finish
10. Describes amount of water villager gets in [drought
14. Towards the stern of a ship
15. You need after toil
17. Popular joint of meat
19. Is chewed by cows
20. Cotton is wound on it
22. Is fired from a gun
24. First holiday after Christmas
26. Put seeds in the ground
28. Part of a circle
30. Results from storing petrol dangerously
32. Often produce ringing
33. A make-believe
34. Remarks
35. Diner often leaves it untouched

DOWN

1. Landlady distributes it sparingly
2. Means "against"
3. Is written by poet
4. Road-hogs fully deserve
5. Given food
7. There's a mix up here
11. Many wives object to this being put down
12. Bus conductor collects yours
13. Workers take from foreman
16. When it's gone you'll probably get no more
17. Sandy profits by cutting his [drink
18. Become bigger
19. Ready money
21. Makes a mistake
23. Floods often submerge them
25. Highest cards
27. Often helps billiards player
29. Poor actor often gets into this
30. Swat it if you can
31. The saloon kind is more expensive

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1 Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil), cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE, for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, September 6.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 20, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, October 2, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £200 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared, £850 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

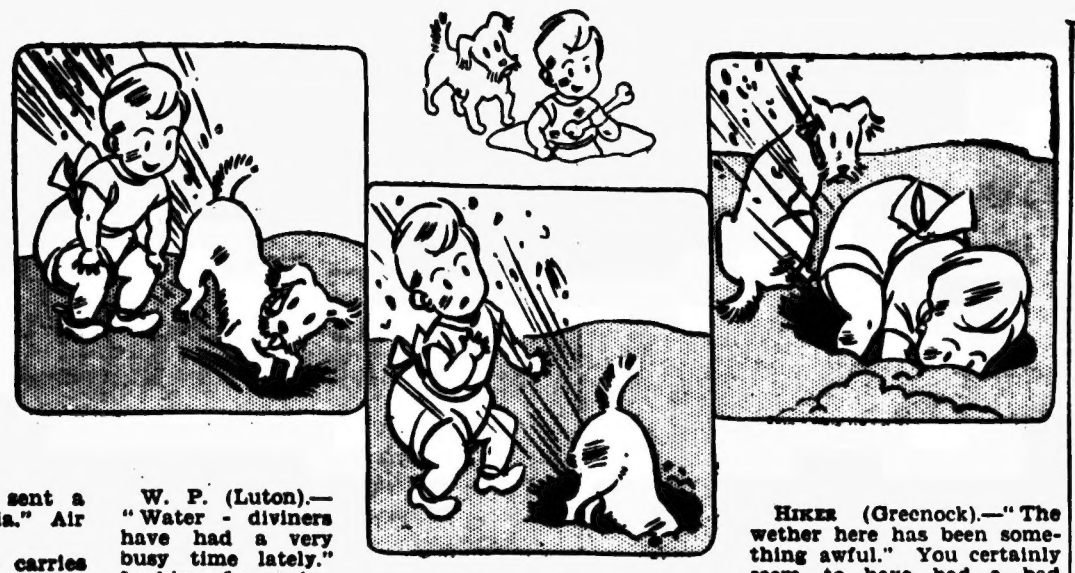
NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

FREE HELP FOR X-WORD ENTRANTS. Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address: Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 12 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

The Editor Laughs Last



The KID

T. J. (Glasgow).—"I recently sent a bicycle pump to a nephew in India." Air mail?

TONY (Tiverton).—"My fiancée carries all sorts of queer-looking things in her handbag." Including your photo?

MRS. Y. (Bristol).—"I took the twins with me on a yachting holiday." And risked the squalls.

FARMER (Tadcaster).—"Some sheep get awfully scared when being sheared." And it's no use trying to persuade them to keep their wool on.

MRS. H. T. (Hendon).—"I would never go up in an aeroplane with a pilot who drank." Afraid that a little drop might lead to a big one?

R. P. (Southampton).—"What is there to prevent Elstree becoming a second Hollywood?" The length of time it takes to get a divorce over here.

* * *

Ex-Pro. (Nottingham).—"As an umpire I have one particular grievance." A long-standing one?

* * *

N. A. (Plymouth).—"Some men want a wife to order." Many wives order whether their husbands want them to or not.

A. T. R. (Leeds).—"After writing five pages I am just warming up to my subject." Warm up sooner next time and boil it down.

G. F. (Hatfield).—"The docks in my garden are the biggest I have ever seen." Then we take it that you have never visited Southampton.

D. H. (Hammersmith).—"Most seaside hotels have electric fans if they can possibly afford them." The others simply can't raise the wind.

SCHOOL TEACHER (Bromley).—"We are shortly starting a class to teach boys the art of orchard tending." Let's hope that it proves fruitful.

J. C. (Leeds).—"A well-known manufacturer of vacuum flasks is described as having a poker face." Always outwardly cool though he's boiling inside?

L. A. (Torquay).—"It's always pleasant to have a man at table who keeps up a continual flow of conversation." Except when the others are trying to play cards.

A. G. (Carlisle).—"Pickpockets should not be sent to prison, but to some place where there is absolutely no chance of practising their art." Such as a nudist camp?

MRS. A. (Rothesay).—"The standard of good looks amongst holiday-makers is remarkably high." You are not, of course, referring to the looks they give the sky when it rains?

J. K. B. (Liverpool).—"I have noticed that the woman who has a singing voice never strains it." We have noticed that the woman who hasn't a singing voice never restrains it.

W. B. (Merton).—"What is the best way to make some provision for those who come after me?" Leave the dog outside the front door and tell your neighbours to say that you are away on holiday.

S. N. (Hove).—"In one part of America a dog licence costs twice as much as a marriage licence." There is some justification for this. After all, you have reasonable hopes of keeping your dog.

* * *

Countryman (Chingford).—"The average Englishman loves to see a farm cart lumbering along a leafy lane." Unless, of course, he's behind it in a motor-car.

* * *

ARTIST (Bloomsbury).—"Although I have called on editors for several months with 'roughs' for joke-drawings, I have not received a single commission." You are still carrying out your ideas, though?

L. B. (Littlehampton).—"A swimming novice who was rescued from drowning expressed surprise at the sea being near him when he recovered." He was probably under the impression that he had swallowed it all

W. P. (Luton).—"Water - diviners have had a very busy time lately." Looking for spring in summer?

BATHER (Lowestoft).—"The sea is an open book to me." And you enjoy wading through it?

T. S. (Wimbledon).—"The part of my holiday that I enjoyed most was the tennis I played." A love set?

FRED (Tooting).—"A music-hall acrobat performs a running motion on top of a spherical atlas." A globe-trotter.

MANUFACTURER (London, E.).—"There is an opening for a popular new summer drink." Just above the chin, to be precise.

H. M. (Brighton).—"I fell over a chair on the beach and skinned my nose." An unfortunate holiday trip.

T. R. (Birmingham).—"I have come to the conclusion that my employer is a man of straw." You ought to know which way the wind is blowing.

MUSICIAN (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—"Pianos are never in exact tune." This is certainly true of the specimens we find in seaside boarding-houses.

A. K. L. (Wembley).—"My parrot won't talk unless taken to the shop where it was purchased." Perhaps the bird-dealer is a ventriloquist.

PATER (Truro).—"My son is growing very round-shouldered. What can I do about it?" Give him a straight talking-to.

G. L. (Harrow):—"An acrobat turned three double somersaults down a flight of stairs." He evolved the idea after treading on a piece of soap left by a charwoman on the top landing.

H. L. (Tring).—"A scientist says that insects can communicate with one another." The word soon gets round among mosquitoes where the latest nudist colony has been started.

J. M. (Scarborough).—"Several of the girls at this boarding-house have decided to go out in rowing boats every day the sea is choppy." They'll soon get sick of that.

P. D. (Northampton).—"I have just read a book of nine hundred pages that makes me realise how insignificant a man really is." A woman can form the same opinion without having to read a single page.

F. N. (Exeter).—"While staying at Cowes I saw a motor-cyclist thrown off his machine when the front wheel ran over the tail of a cat." This seems to explain why the Tourist Trophy Races are held in the Isle of Man.

HIKER (Greenock).—"The wether here has been something awful." You certainly seem to have had a bad spell.

AMATEUR (Wapping).—"I've been told never to let my fruit trees grow too tall." Who told you? The small boy next door?

F. P. (Taunton).—"A pedestrian was thrown on to a car and clung to the wind-screen." The motorist found this particularly annoying because the screen-wiper proved quite inadequate to remove the obstruction.

* * *

Holiday-Maker (Minehead).—"I like nothing better than to lie in a field gazing up at the sky." You believe in the back to the land policy.

* * *

R. D. V. (Basingstoke).—"I spent a lot of my time throwing pebbles into the sea." You made a splash, anyway.

F. N. (Gosport).—"A woman can't prepare meals unless she has the proper utensils." Tin-openers?

CENTENARIAN (St. Ives).—"I've attained a great age because I always kept out of the sun." You have reached a hundred in the shade.

OWNER-DRIVER (Streatham).—"I have backed my car against dozens of others on the road." You should have seen that there was nothing behind you first.

A. B. (Bristol).—"While I was on holiday my employer wrote to me informing me that he had given me the sack." Hard lines.

MRS. T. (Manchester).—"The average child has such a lot of questions to ask." We know of only one: "Any cigarette cards, mister?"

VISITOR (Perranporth).—"The drinking water here contains a fair amount of iron." Saving you visiting the local hostelry for a tonic?

AMBITIOUS (Kensington).—"I find it very difficult to fall in with my wife's wish to sell our old car." Can't you persuade anyone to buy it?

SPEED (Brooklands).—"The motorist didn't turn a hair when his car skidded at 140 m.p.h." He had a close shave, though.

JOCK (Aberfeldy). — "A well-trained beater always agrees with the views of the sportsmen." Well, after all, they have the guns.

* * *

A. D. (Ruislip). "After batting so brilliantly for half an hour I was at a loss to know how I became out." You were stumped.

* * *

RONNIE (Lewes).—"My fiancée claims that there is a flower which represents everyone, but she can't think of one which suits me." From your letter we'd say a rambler.

H. T. (Stafford).—"It's no good asking for a rise these days." Ask JOHN BULL on a *Bullets* coupon for £3 weekly for life and £1,000! The answer to somebody who applies by September 8 is going to be "Yes."

DIET (Bournemouth).—"For health's sake, more toast should be eaten at breakfast." Rather difficult to accomplish when one is staying at a boarding establishment.

ALICK (Cardiff).—"It is reported that a bargee recently posed as a millionaire while on a Mediterranean cruise." We understand, however, that his identity was discovered when one of his cruising acquaintances thumped him vigorously on his sunburnt back without warning.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars. Lady's or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

5'2 NOW

Sample Offers for Men and Women!

Turn to the special offers of the Shavex-Zeekol Co. on the Back Cover. Men who would like to try the New Shavex method of shaving are invited to cut out the coupon for a Free sample tube. Women who have never tried Doge Cream, the new complexion restorer, are given the opportunity of securing a Free sample tube in return for the coupon appearing in the advt.

Other offers appear in the advt. in which samples of Zeekol Ointment and Pills and, if required, a sample of Zeekol Medicated Soap can be obtained by cutting out the coupon. Be sure to attach necessary postage to cover packing, etc.

Husband & Wife Benefit

Mrs. Ogden, 59, Kilton St., Pitsmoor, Sheffield, writes:—"I shall always recommend Vitadatio as my husband and myself experienced great benefit from it. I was very run down, but after the first bottle I felt better and began to improve in health generally. My husband had a Nervous Breakdown and felt tired and worn out after getting up in the morning. He started with Vitadatio and felt great benefit, getting back his energy and strength again. We shall recommend your wonderful herbal remedy."

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK & TESTIMONIALS

The World-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood purifier—invaluable for Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney, and Stomach Complaints. Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in U.K.). Special bottles for export 21/- post free. From VITADATIO, No 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

FREE! A TRIAL TUBE OF EUTHYMOL TOOTH PASTE!

Brush your teeth regularly with "EUTHYMOL" DENTAL CREAM, which kills dental decay germs in 30 seconds. A free 7-day trial tube will be sent to every reader who writes to Euthymol (Dept. 67/66), 50, Beak St., London, W.1, or fills in the Coupon in the advt. on page 21. Turn to this NOW!

Information for all who shave.

IT has taken us 30 years of hard working and thinking to build up our firm's reputation. That is one of the many reasons why you are safe in buying Razor Blades bearing the name of "Stead." Seven good blades in an ingenious wallet for 6d. is about the best value you can get.

THE 7-DAY STEAD WALLET WILL NOT LAST FOR EVER, BUT WILL GIVE YOU WEEKS OF SMILING SHAVES

STEAD RAZOR BLADES

guarantee perfect shaves for every day

7 Blades for 6d.

IN A WEEKLY WALLET.

Buy a Weekly Wallet on your way home.

Boots, Taylor's Drug Stores, W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls, and most Dealers stock them.

CASUALTIES of the SPORTS FIELD

"John Bull" sends cheques to parents.

THE perils of the Sports Field never enter children's minds. On the cricket pitch, competing in sports contests, in the school gym. or playground they run risks every day of their lives. And hundreds of accidents occur every week.

Parents who are JOHN BULL readers are in this announcement given an opportunity of securing, absolutely free, JOHN BULL'S Great Insurance Gift which provides generous benefits for Children's Accidents.

But that is not all. In addition to Children's Accidents, JOHN BULL provides unique benefits for adults in the Sports Field and while Boating or Bathing, for accidents in the Home and Garden, and is the *only* paper in the world to safeguard the home against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage, and to pay benefits for Sickness (as specified). Moreover, JOHN BULL is the *only* paper to add a welcome 10 per cent. bonus to benefits paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

Can you afford to ignore such a magnificent, comprehensive Insurance Gift? You never know what may happen any day, any week, any month. A little foresight *to-day* may save you weeks of regret. Secure JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift immediately by filling in the forms below.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY CONCESSION.

As a special concession to registered readers and their families, JOHN BULL extends its protection to you and your family whilst you are on holiday in Great Britain, Ireland, Channel Islands or Isle of Man.

The only simple condition is that in the event of an application arising it will be necessary to show that you purchased JOHN BULL while on holiday and that before leaving you instructed your regular newsagent to resume delivery immediately on your return.

"John Bull"—the only paper to pay benefits for Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Form to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 1/9/34

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B. 1/9/34

JOHN BULL'S

GREAT PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

GARDENER earns £750 in ONE HOUR!

Here is Mr. Dormer at work in his garden—but he's at Blackpool now!

THE garden outside a neat little council house at 35, Dovehouse Fields, Lichfield, shows the care it receives from Mr. W. H. Dormer. Since for over eleven years he has been gardener at the "George" and "Swan" hotels in Lichfield, his work is evidently his hobby as well.

But he has another hobby, and that is growing prize plants for our *Bullets* garden. And in our 948th Contest he produced this *Bullet* which headed our prize-list: HE'S A PESSIMIST, SO—TROUBLE'S "STAMPED ON HIM." No wonder that Mr. Dormer is celebrating the arrival of his £750 cheque by leaving this week-end for a few days at Blackpool.

With him goes his wife, taking a rest from her work as cook at the Angelcroft Hotel, Lichfield. And their two little daughters, though they cannot quite be sure that it is not all a wonderful dream, will complete the family party.

To add to the satisfaction of banking his £750 cheque, Mr. Dormer was invited by JOHN BULL to nominate three needy families for a free seaside holiday and the recipients' names are published on this page.

* * *

"I must have started *Bullets* soon after I left the Regular Army twelve years ago," Mr. Dormer told a JOHN BULL man, "but it was not until 1931 that I began to enter regularly.

"I think *Bullets Bulletin* is indispensable to anyone who gets seriously down to *Bullets*," this winner declared. And it is was due to the training he thus received that an hour's work on *Bullets* produced more cash than many gardeners can earn in five years.

"Most of my prize-money is going to be carefully invested," he said. "It will come in well for my girls' education. But part will be spent soon on medical treatment for my wife, which we have not been able to afford."

* * *

What better hobby could you take up for the dark evenings coming than that chosen by this winner? And what better moment could you choose to begin *Bullets* than when a giant Pension-plus Fortune First Prize is within your reach!

Time is slipping away, and soon it will whisk away your opportunity of winning a fine income of £3 weekly for life, with £1,000 cash, on which to begin that life of yours anew. Start on your *Bullets* this evening and an entry in by Saturday, September 8, may mean a First Prize telegram for you a few days later.

?

What was waiting when a young Cardiff bridegroom returned from his honeymoon? Why did Mrs. E. P., of Edmonton, miss a prize in our 949th Contest? What makes the postman's visits so exciting to Mr. Bamers, of Shepherd's Bush? How did a Southall "Bulleteer" win thirteen substantial prizes?

All these questions and many others are answered in this week's free *Bullets* Bulletin. Your Reservation Form is on opposite page—post it to-night!

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 949

FIRST PRIZE, £500 AND MILLIONAIRE'S WEEK-END FOR TWO

Mr. H. LOMAX, 18, Lathom Road, Withington, Manchester.

Example:—GOOD LOSER
Bullet:—MISSUS—PRETENDING *I'm* "PRIZE."

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

Mr. E. H. CLARK, 48, Glanyrafon Road, Sketty, Swansea.
Example: Faster And Faster
Bullet: Life's "Whirligig"—Death's "Turnstile."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

Mr. J. GOULD, 18, Balgavies Avenue, Dundee.
Example: Good Loser
Bullet: Outplayed—Shouts "Played!"

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH

F. BOND, 30, Partridge Road, Yardley, Birmingham.
Britain's Health—Wet Flag Day Jeopardizes!

W. CAMBAGE, Clare Green, Hillylaid Road, Thornton, Blackpool.
Wealth Of Wisdom—Best "Capital," Life "Partnership."

A. DOWLING, 56, Aubrey Road, Bedminster, Bristol.
Spirit Of The Age—Shouldn't Be Dictatorship's "Fuel."

Mrs. E. FORD, "Elsford," Church Road, Whitstable.
Those Who Think—War's "Joy-ride," Haven't Marched.

W. PRITH, 45, Baxter Gardens, Wythenshawe, Manchester.
Since The World Began—Only "Golden Age," Youth.

J. GEESON, Graneley, Huntingdon.
Missing From Home—*Because* Of Gossip "Broadcasting"

G. A. HORNSBY, 28, High Street, Marske-by-Sea, Yorkshire.
Folly's Harvest—Grown From A "Slip."

G. MITCHELL, 169, High Street, Musselburgh, Midlothian.
Put Aside—Old Ideas, By "Current."

L. PATERSON, 4, Lady Wynd, Cupar, Fife.
One Or Two—Numskulls—Million Grinning Skulls!

F. H. SEAGRAVE, 58, Chatsworth Road, Chesterfield.
One Or Two—Acres—And World Ours!

12 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

N. J. BISHOP, 13, Sheredan Road, Highams Parks, E.
Missing From Home—"Haunting" Underworld—And Mother.

T. E. FORD, 241, Swansea Road, Trebanos, Swansea
Spirit Of The Age—Live and *Lean*.

D. R. GREEN, 11, Sunnydene, Killingbeck, Leeds.
In Her Eyes—"Read" Something—Grabbed Newspaper!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. HINDHAUGH, 22, Oliver's Buildings, Bedlington, Northumberland.
Missing From Home—"Lamb," So "Shepherd" Sought.

F. B. HUDSON, 31, Tindal Street, Balsall Heath, Birmingham.
Outside The Church—"Distressed," Forgetting Its "Lifeboat."

C. PAXFORD, 21, Portland Street, Ilfracombe.
Spirit Of The Age—Thinks "Pop" Too Dull.

Mrs. G. SAWARD, Wyldboro' Farm, Haveringatte-Bower, Romford.
Spirit Of The Age—Distilled From Countless Tears.

L. A. SPRACKLEN, 5, Damers Road, Dorchester.
Open Warfare—Soon Finishes Blackmailing "Sniper."

D. STREET, 20, Vicars Terrace, Allerton Bywater, Castleford.
Worries—Be Tough—Beat Off!

J. THOMSON, 19d, Edward Street, Motherwell.
In His Spare Time—Dictator *Counts* His Chrysanthemums!

T. H. WILSON, 22, Donald Avenue, Odsal, Bradford.
Britain's Health—More "Glowing." More "Growing."

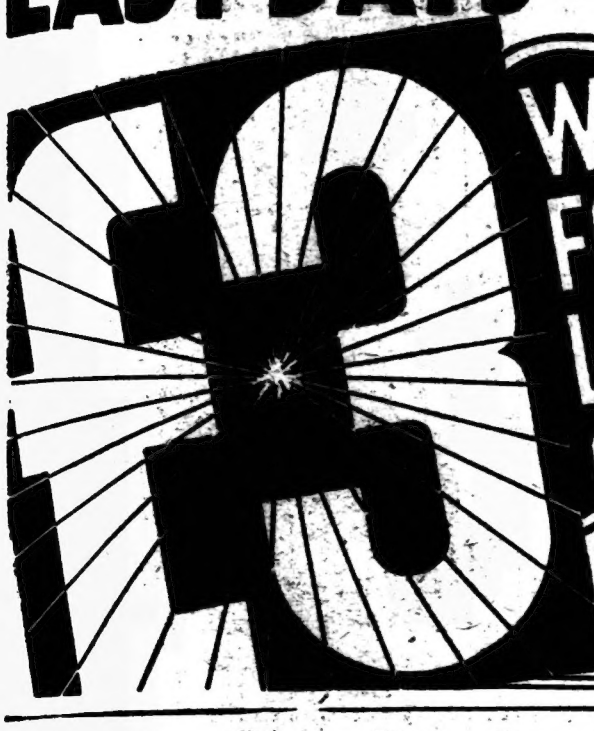
W. YATES, 63, New Village, Ingleton, near Carnforth.
Outside The Church—Adjoining Inn, Dad's Car!

A list of 25 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull." A bonus of £3 has been added to every prize of 10s. and over.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

HOLIDAY CHEQUES.—As announced, the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 948 was invited to nominate three needy persons with families to receive a £10 Holiday Cheque. Accordingly such payments have been received by the following:—H. Dormer, Upper Winchendon, nr. Aylesbury, Bucks; S. J. Evans, 18, Green Lane, Rugeley, Staffs; C. Sharrard, 16, Park Drive Terrace, Rugeley, Staffs.

LAST DAYS to win . . .



WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £1,000 GIANT PENSION and FORTUNE FOR A BULLET

OR HUGE LUMP SUM OF 2,000 GUINEAS

11,547 OTHER PRIZES . .

£100 10 of £5 · 10 of £2·10s · 25 of £1 500 of 2/6 · 2,000 "Red Seal Targets" 8,000 "Target" Prizes . . . £50

★ ADDED ATTRACTION ★

1,000 NEW 2-IN-1 SURPRISE AWARDS

Value 6/6 to every Keen "Bulleteer"

Enter by Saturday, September 8, for this Giant Prize!

YOU have still time to capture the enormous Pension-plus-Fortune First Prize which marks the opening of *Bullets* great Autumn Campaign—but only if you begin on your efforts at once.

On Friday, September 21, JOHN BULL's First Prize telegram will convey to some competitor the staggering news that he has won a Life Pension of £3 Weekly and £1,000 cash, with the option of 2,000 Guineas in one lump sum. Your name may be on that wire, provided your name is on an entry for the contest finally announced on this page.

Hundreds of other cash prizes are also waiting to be won. There are 1,000 new 2-in-1 Surprise Awards, making the huge total of 11,548 rewards for good *Bullets* in this Huge Offer. It is one of the outstanding opportunities of the year, but is within your reach for only a few more days.

THE WAY TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet*, read carefully through the list of *Examples* and write down the rough comments which they suggest to your mind.

Each of these rough ideas has now to be polished into TWO, THREE or FOUR words which link up smoothly with the chosen *Example* and express your thought in apt and forceful phrasing.

Suppose, for instance, you were considering the *Example*, ON EUROPE'S STAGE, you might add as your first thought, *Dictators Are Getting Nervous*.

That rough thought you could easily polish into the completed *Bullet*, ON EUROPE'S STAGE—DICTATORS SHOULD REMEMBER "TRAP-DOORS."

That shows you how to build up a *Bullet*, but before you begin you will be wise to study also the list of winning efforts on the preceding page.

Then you are ready to start on your own *Bullets;* use care and common-sense in building them and an entry in by Saturday, September 8, may bring you £1,000 cash with £3 weekly for life.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

WAY BRITAIN'S GOING
BONDS OF MATRIMONY
MOTHER KNOWS
IN A GOOD CAUSE
ON EUROPE'S STAGE
THREATENING STORM
WE'RE VERY PATIENT, BUT
FOR THE WORLD'S GOOD
WHEN HE'S OLDER
WHEN YOU'RE IN LOVE
AN ACHIEVEMENT
HALF THE TROUBLE
TO PATCH THE QUARREL

JUST	STANDS ALONE
NO MAN	BEGINNING
WISER	GOOD AS NEW
MY DEAR	IN THE SLUMS
HAPPINESS	WHY NOT
HOPELESS	GOOD NEWS
HEROIC	FIRST ONE
DIVORCE	BEST OF ALL
WICKED	SIDE BY SIDE
ARMS	FOR A LITTLE
WATER	GRATITUDE

THANKS TO A HOLIDAY
HE LOST HIS HEAD AND
WHEN HE SAW HER
KILLED HIS LOVE
HEAVEN HELP US WHEN
VOICE OF REASON
AGAINST THE LAW
MADE HER CROSS
JOB FOR A WOMAN
TO MAKE HIM BETTER
BREATHING EASIER
STORY OF SUCCESS
SHOWS HE'S GOT BRAINS

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*," which will also introduce you to a thrilling new £1,000-a-week *Bullets* Football Contest. Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD. 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £750 chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 945 will be displayed in the window of W. H. Smith and Son, Bird Street, Lichfield, Staffs.

ENTRY FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(952) Closing SAT., Sept. 8 — P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(952) Closing SAT., Sept. 8 — P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(952) Closing SAT., Sept. 8 — P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(952) Closing SAT., Sept. 8 — P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(952) Closing SAT., Sept. 8 — P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Signed .....
Address .....

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £5 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 952 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 952, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

50 BIG RADIO PRIZES NEXT WEEK!

ALMOND OIL

ZEE-KOL

TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL
costs **4d.** per lb.

ALMOND OIL
costs **5/6** per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

MADAM DU BARRY.

Du Barry was the mistress of Louis XVth. She was noted for her beautiful complexion and vitality. She was only a seamstress when Count du Barry fell in love with her, and he afterwards got her to beguile Louis XVth, usurping the position of La Pompadour. Her glorious complexion—which bewitched the King—was made beautiful with similar materials to those which are used in Zee-Kol Soap to-day. Du Barry was guillotined during the French Revolution.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. 314), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX."

"SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving! You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush. The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore.

"SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils, all the creases smooth out with its use. Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a skin food. All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, which contains no soda to dry up the skin. Consequently your skin will feel as smooth as satin. You will also shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST WHEN ASKING FOR SHAVEX for a "Shavex" Super Blade. We guarantee it to be the longest lived blade in the world. It is a miracle of sharpness, and the smoothest that one can use on the face. Made of Chrome Steel, and honed by our secret process. Money back if disappointed, and postage.

These marvellous SHAVEX Blades are now 2d. instead of 4d.

SHAVEX
is sold everywhere in 6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

PASHA: How do you two gentlemen keep so smart? Your skin looks so splendid—you don't seem to have a wrinkle in this broiling sun—and you wear dinner suits. You Englishmen are a race alone, under all conditions you will wear a dinner jacket. I suppose that's what helps to keep you so civilised whatever part of the world you go to. EXCAVATOR: Well, we happen to be fortunate and bring out with us a large consignment of Shavex. It is, indeed, one of the greatest blessings man can have in such an outlandish place as this, where we get very little water. I can shave with Shavex without any water, and after I've shaved I rub Shavex well into the skin and it preserves my skin and prevents it drying up in this hot sun—and keeps away the wrinkles. I am 55, and my friend here is 53, and yet they take us for 35—as you see, my skin is quite clear, and I feel as fresh as a daisy after every shave. I shave in two minutes with Shavex and get the most perfect shave a man can have. It is a skin food and the Almond Oil it contains keeps away wrinkles. PASHA: Then indeed, my dear friends, you must really let me have some of this magic Shavex and help to keep me young.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY
for FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. R 11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS

COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin; it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened. We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream. When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

Per Pot 1/- Large Pot 2/- Large Tube 9d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

Who on earth would have believed that I am 63. And all done by putting Doge Cream on my face. Leaving it on all night and just gently massaging my face in the morning with Doge Cream. It seems that Doge softens the wrinkles and the light massage smoothes away the lines that are already softened by the cream.

Fancy, everyone envies my skin at my age and think I am but 35. What magic this cream has done for me. At seventeen I never had this wonderful complexion. Well, I still have many admirers even in my old age.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

FOR FREE SAMPLE TUBE OF DOGE CREAM.

For sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. DoS), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

SKIN DISEASES

Disappear in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol.

Beware of Imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.13), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire and for Rheumatism.

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